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REMARKS

ON

Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON's

JOURNEY to the HEBRIDES;

IN WHICH ARE CONTAINED,

OBSERVATIONS on the ANTIQUITIES, LANGUAGE, GENIUS, and MANNERS of the HIGHLANDERS of SCOTLAND.

BY

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Old Men and *Travellers* LIE by Authority.

RAY's Proverbs.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Sheets were written ſoon after Dr. Johnſon's "Journey to the Hebrides" was printed. But as the writer had never made his appearance at the bar of the Public, he was unwilling to enter the liſts, with ſuch a *powerful* antagoniſt, without previouſly conſulting a few learned friends. The diſtance of thoſe friends made it difficult to procure their opinion, without ſome trouble and a great loſs of time: beſides, the Author was not ſo fond of his work as to be very anxious about its publication.

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He is, however, ſenſible, that the publication, if it was at all to happen, has been too long delayed. Anſwers to eminent writers are generally indebted, for their ſale and circulation, to the works which they endeavour to refute. Unfortunately, Dr. Johnſon's "Journey" has lain dead in the library, for ſome time paſt. This conſideration is ſo diſcouraging, that the writer of the Remarks expects little literary reputation, and leſs profit, from his labours. But, as he had gone ſo far, he was induced to go further ſtill, were it for nothing more than the ambition of ſending his work to *ſleep*, on the ſame ſhelf, with that of the learned Dr. Johnſon.

REMARKS

ON

Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON's Journey to the HEBRIDES, &c.

TRAVELLING through the different kingdoms of Europe has greatly prevailed, of late years, among men of curiosity and taste. Some are led abroad by the mere love of novelty; others have a more solid purpose in view, a desire of acquiring an extensive knowledge of mankind. As the observations of the former are generally of a cursory nature, and sel-

dom extend beyond the circle of their private acquaintance, it is from the latter only that we can expect a more public and particular information relative to foreign parts. Some ingenious and valuable productions of this kind have lately made their appearance; and when a man communicates, with candour and fidelity, what he has ſeen in other countries, he cannot render a more agreeable or uſeful ſervice to his own.

By ſuch faithful portraits of men and manners, we are preſented with a view of the world around us, as it really is. Our Author, like a truſty guide, conducts us through the ſcenes he deſcribes, and makes us acquainted with the inhabitants; and thus we reap all the pleaſures and advantages of travel, without the inconveniencies attending it. There is no country ſo contemptible as not to furniſh ſome things that may pleaſe, nor is any arrived to that degree

degree of perfection as to afford no matter of diſlike. When, therefore, no falſe colouring is uſed, to diminiſh what is commendable, or magnify defects, we often find reaſon to give up much of our ſuppoſed ſuperiority over other nations. Hence our candour increaſes with our knowledge of mankind, and we get rid of the folly of prejudice and ſelf-conceit; which is equally ridiculous in a people as individuals, and equally an obſtacle to improvement.

It were to be wiſhed that the Treatiſe, which is the ſubject of the following ſheets, had been formed on ſuch a plan as has been now mentioned, as it would be a much more agreeable taſk to commend than cenſure it. But it will appear, from the ſequel, how far its author has acquitted himſelf with that candour which could inform the curious, or undeceive the prejudiced.

When it was known, about two years ago, that Dr. Samuel Johnſon, a man of ſome reputation for letters, had undertaken a tour through Scotland, it was naturally enough expected, that one of his contemplative turn would, ſome time or other, give a public account of his journey. His early prejudices againſt the country were ſufficiently known; but every one expected a fair, if not a flattering, repreſentation, from the narrative of grey hairs. But there was another circumſtance which promiſed a collateral ſecurity for the Doctor's fair dealing. Mr. Pennant, and other gentlemen of abilities and integrity, had made the ſame tour before him, and, like men of liberal ſentiments, ſpoke reſpectfully of the Scotch nation. It was thought, therefore, that this, if nothing elſe, would prove a check on his prepoſſeſſions, and make him extremely cautious, were it only for his own ſake, how he contradicted ſuch reſpectable authorities.

Neither

Neither of theſe conſiderations, however, had any weight. The Doctor hated Scotland; that was the *maſter-paſſion*, and it ſcorned all reſtraints. He ſeems to have ſet out with a deſign to give a diſtorted repreſentation of every thing he ſaw on the north ſide of the Tweed; and it is but doing him juſtice to acknowledge, that he has not failed in the execution.

But conſiſtency has not always been attended to in the courſe of his narration. He differs no more from other travellers, than he often does from himſelf, denying at one time what he has aſſerted at another, as prejudice, or a more generous paſſion, happened, by turns, to prevail; which, to ſay no worſe, is but an aukward ſituation for a man who makes any pretenſions to be believed.

At the ſame time I am not ſo partial to my country, as to ſay that Dr. Johnſon is always in the wrong when he finds fault.

On the contrary, I am ready to allow him, as, I believe, will every Scotchman, that the road through the mountains, from Fort Auguſtus to Glenelg, is not quite ſo ſmooth as that between London and Bath; and that he could not find, in the huts or cottages at *Anoch* and *Glenſheals*, the ſame luxuries and accommodations as in the inns on an Engliſh poſt-road. In theſe, and ſuch like remarks, the Doctor's veracity muſt certainly remain unimpeached. But the bare merit of telling truth will not always atone for a want of candour in the intention. In the more remote and unfrequented parts of a country, little refinement is to be expected; it is, therefore, no leſs frivolous to examine them with too critical an eye, than diſingenuous to exhibit them as ſpecimens of the reſt. This, however, has been too much the practice with Dr. Johnſon, in his account of Scotland; every trifling defect is eagerly brought forward, while the more perfect parts of the

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piece are as carefully kept out of view. If other travellers were to proceed on the ſame plan, what nation in Europe but might be made to appear ridiculous?

The objects of any moment, which have been chiefly diſtinguiſhed by that *odium* which Dr. Johnſon bears to every thing that is Scotch, ſeem to be—the Poems of Oſſian,—the whole Gallic language,—our ſeminaries of learning,—the Reformation,—and the veracity of all Scotch, and particularly Highland narration. The utter extinction of the two former ſeems to have been the principal motive of his journey to the North. To pave the way for this favourite purpoſe, and being aware that the influence of tradition, to which all ages and nations have ever paid ſome regard in matters of remote antiquity, muſt be removed, he reſolves *point blank* to deny the validity of all Scotch, and particularly Highland narration. This he employs all

his art to perſuade the Public is always vague and fabulous, and deſerves no manner of credit, except when it proves unfavourable to the country; then, indeed, it is deemed altogether infallible, and is adduced by himſelf, upon all occaſions, in proof of what he aſſerts. But this is a mode of reaſoning with which the world has been totally unacquainted before the Doctor's days.

The Poems of Oſſian were no ſooner made known to the Public, though ſtript of their native ancient garb, than they became the delight and admiration of the learned over all Europe. Dr. Johnſon, perhaps, was the only man, of any pretenſions to be ranked in that claſs, who choſe to diſſent from the general voice. The moment he heard of the publication and fame of thoſe Poems, he declared them ſpurious, without waiting for the common formality of a peruſal. His cynical diſpoſition inſtantly took

took the alarm; and that, aided by his prejudices, would not ſuffer him to admit that a compoſition of ſuch acknowledged merit could originate from a country which, becauſe he hated, he always affected to deſpiſe.

But what is the conſequence of this haſty and abſurd declaration? After all that has been ſaid upon the ſubject, the Poems muſt ſtill be conſidered as the production either of Oſſian or Mr. Macpherſon. Dr. Johnſon does not vouchſafe to tell us who elſe was the author; and conſequently the national claim remains perfectly entire. In labouring to deny their antiquity, therefore, the Doctor only plucks the wreath of ages from the tomb of the ancient bard, to adorn the brow of the modern Caledonian. For the moment Mr. Macpherſon ceaſes to be admitted as a tranſlator, he inſtantly acquires a title to the original.—This conſequence is unavoidable, though it is not to

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be ſuppoſed Dr. Johnſon intended it. Naturally pompous and vain, and ridiculouſly ambitious of an excluſive reputation in letters, it can hardly be believed that he would voluntarily beſtow ſo envied a compliment on a young candidate for fame, who had already, in other reſpects, made a diſcovery of talents ſufficient to alarm his own pride: but we often derive from the folly of ſome men, more than we claim from their juſtice.

From the firſt appearance of Oſſian's Poems in public, we may date the origin of Dr. Johnſon's intended tour to Scotland; whatever he may pretend to tell us, in the beginning of his narration. There are many circumſtances to juſtify this opinion; among which a material one is, that a gentleman of undobted honour and veracity, who happened to be at London ſoon after that period, informed me upon his return to the country, that Caledonia might,

ſome

ſome day, look for an unfriendly viſit from the Doctor. So little able was he, it ſeems, to conceal his ill-humour on that occaſion, that it became the ſubject of common diſcourſe; and the event has fully verified what was predicted as the conſequence.

In the year 1773 he accompliſhed his purpoſe; and ſometime in the year following he publiſhed an account of his journey, which plainly ſhews the ſpirit with which it was undertaken. All men have their prejudices more or leſs, nor are the beſt always without them; but ſo ſturdy an inſtance as this is hardly to be met with. It is without example, in any attempt of the like kind that has gone before it; and it is to be hoped, for the ſake of truth and the credit of human nature, it will furniſh none to ſuch as may come after.

As, in refuting the miſrepreſentations and detecting the inconſiſtencies of Dr. Johnſon,

Johnſon, it may ſometimes be found neceſſary to draw a compariſon between the north and the ſouth ſide of the Tweed, it is proper to premiſe here, that this ſhall always be done, without the leaſt intention to reflect on the Engliſh nation. My mind was perfectly free from the narrowneſs of national prejudice before this occaſion; and I am not yet ſufficiently provoked, by the Doctor's injuſtice to my country, to retaliate againſt his. To illuſtrate the ſubject by ſimilar inſtances, is my only aim; as then, like objects brought nearer to the eye, obſervations, when applied more immediately to ourſelves, will ſtrike more forcibly.—This much, I hope, will ſuffice as an apology with every candid Engliſhman. And as to ſome people among ourſelves, who eaſily give up many points of national honour, they are chiefly upſtarts in the world; a ſet of men, who, in all countries, are apt to make light of

diſtinctions

diſtinctions from which their own obſcurity excludes them.

My firſt intention was to write what I had to ſay on this ſubject in the form of an Eſſay. Upon farther conſideration, however, the method I have now adopted appeared the moſt eligible; as, by citing the Doctor's own words, the Public will be the better enabled to judge what juſtice is done to his meaning. This plan, on account of the frequent interruptions, may not, perhaps, render the performance ſo entertaining to ſome readers; but it gives an opportunity for a more cloſe inveſtigation, and to ſuch as are not poſſeſſed of the Doctor's book, it will, in a great meaſure, ſupply its place.

That the reader may not be diſappointed, I muſt tell him before-hand, that he is not to expect, in the following ſheets, what Dr. Johnſon calls "*ornamental ſplendors.*" Im-

partiality of obſervation ſhall be more attended to than elegance of diction; and if I appear ſometimes ſevere, the Doctor ſhall have no reaſon to ſay I am unjuſt. He is to be tried all along by his own evidence; and, therefore, he cannot complain, if, "out of his own mouth, he is condemned."

Dr. Johnſon informs us, that he ſet out from Edinburgh, upon his intended peregrination, the 18th of Auguſt 1773. This muſt undoubtedly appear an uncommon ſeaſon of the year for an old frail inhabitant of London to undertake a journey to the Hebrides, if he propoſed the tour ſhould prove agreeable to himſelf, or amuſing to the Public. Moſt other travellers make choice of the ſummer months, when the countries through which they paſs are ſeen to moſt advantage; and as the Doctor acknowledges he had been hitherto but little out of the metropolis, one ſhould think he would have wiſhed to have made the moſt

of

of his journey. But it was not beauties the Doctor went to find out in Scotland, but defects; and for the northern ſituation of the Hebrides, the advanced time of the year ſuited his purpoſe beſt.

He paſſes over the city of *Edinburgh* almoſt without notice; though ſurely its magnificent caſtle, its palace, and many ſtately buildings, both public and private, were not unworthy of a ſlight touch, at leaſt, from the Doctor's pencil. Little, therefore, is to be expected from a man who would turn his back on the capital with a ſupercilious ſilence. But, indeed, he is commonly very ſparing of his remarks where there is any thing that merits attention; though we find he has always enough to ſay where none but himſelf could find matter of obſervation.

In page 3d, his account of the *iſland* of *Inch Keith* is trifling and contradictory. He

He repreſents it as a barren rock where there formerly was a fort; and yet he tells us again, that it was never intended for a place of ſtrength, and that a "herd of cows grazes annually upon it in the ſummer." But a *fort* without *ſtrength* is ſurely ſomething *new*, and grazing for cattle a moſt *uncommon mark* of barrenneſs.

Before the Doctor diſmiſſes this *wonderful* ſpot, which he has made ſomething and nothing all in a breath,—he amuſes himſelf with thinking "on the different appearance that it would have made, if it had been placed at the ſame diſtance from London;" and then he adds, with an air of exultation, "with what emulation of price a few rocky acres would have been purchaſed, and with what expenſive induſtry they would have been cultivated and adorned."

The cenſure implied in the above paſſage is obvious; but, to give it effect, the Doctor ought

ought firſt to determine whether Inch Keith is not ſtill a royal property. Should that be found to be the caſe, no *emulation of price* could purchaſe it; and conſequently the citizens of Edinburgh are not to be blamed for not *cultivating* and *adorning* what they cannot make their own.

But this conſideration ſet apart, let me aſk the Doctor, Whether the Londoners have ſhewn themſelves ſo very deſerving of the *ranting* compliment he pays them? If I am not miſinformed, there are, at this preſent moment, even in the very heart of the cities of London and Weſtminſter, many extenſive ſpots of ground, which exhibit at once the moſt miſerable marks of deſolation, and proofs of neglect. Inſtead of being *cultivated* and *adorned*, theſe are repreſented as dangerous to the paſſenger, and loathſome to the view. What then are we to think of this boaſted *emulation* to purchaſe, this *induſtry* to improve? Is it

very credible, that a people ſhould go ſuch *expenſive* lengths for an agreeable ſituation without their walls, who permit the vileſt ſinks of filth and corruption to incommode and diſgrace their ſtreets?

The Doctor ſays, he diſcovered no woods in his way towards Cowpar. This may be true, as the Doctor's optics, I am told, are none of the beſt. But ſurely the fine extenſive plantations of the Earl of Leven's eſtate, and not very diſtant from the public road, could not well have eſcaped the notice of any other paſſenger. He then tells us, that "a tree is as great a curioſity in Scotland, as a horſe at Venice."—I cannot decide upon the merits of this aſſertion, as I am not acquainted with the numbers of the Venetian cavalry. But, whatever the Doctor may inſinuate about the preſent ſcarcity of trees in Scotland, we are much deceived by fame, if a very near anceſtor of his, who was a native of that country,

did

did not find to his coſt, that a *tree* was not quite ſuch a rarity in *his* days.

It is allowed, indeed, he might paſs through ſome parts of Scotland where there are not many trees; as, I believe, is the caſe in England, and moſt other countries. But as he is ſo very careful in deſcribing the nakedneſs of the country where trees were not, he ought to have had the candour likewiſe to inform us where they were.

Such, however, as are deſirous of ſatisfaction on this head, may conſult Mr. *Pennant*'s Tour, and they will find a very different account of the matter from that given by the Doctor. That gentleman found abundance of woods, and even *trees*, in different parts of the country, if thoſe of twelve and fifteen feet in circumference may deſerve that name. But *he* travelled with his judgment *unbiaſſed*, and his eyes

open; two circumſtances in which he differed very materially from Dr. Johnſon, and which, rather ſomewhat unluckily for the latter, has occaſioned ſuch a frequent difference in their accounts.

As the Doctor arrived at *St. Andrews* at two in the morning, it is pleaſant enough to hear him ſay, "Though we were yet in the moſt populous part of Scotland, and at ſo ſmall a diſtance from the capital, we met few paſſengers."—Few people, I believe, would complain of this circumſtance, at the *ſame* hours, and at ſo *ſmall* a diſtance from the Engliſh capital. But it is pretty evident, that the Doctor meant nothing leſs than a compliment to the Scots, for the ſecurity with which he performed this nocturnal expedition.

But the night is the natural ſeaſon for reſt; and that being conſidered, it effectually takes the *ſting* from the above *ſilly* remark.

remark. What man in his ſenſes would expect to find crowded roads at midnight? Or what man of common honeſty would be bold enough to aſſert, that there were few or no trees in Fife, becauſe forſooth they were not to be ſeen in the dark?

He ſays (page 7), that there is hardly ſo much of the *cathedral* of St. Andrews remaining "as to exhibit, even to an artiſt, a ſufficient ſpecimen of the architecture."—I am at a loſs to know what he means by a *ſufficient ſpecimen*, if a great part of one of the ſide-walls, with a ſpire at each end, and the main entry entire, are not *ſufficient* for the purpoſe he mentions: for all theſe ſtill remain in ſpite of *Knox's reformation*, as he ſarcaſtically expreſſes it.

In 1543, a bill was paſſed in the parliament of Scotland, granting leave to the people to read the ſcriptures in the vulgar tongues; and this bill was notified to the

Public, by a proclamation from the regent. He even went ſo far as to deſire Sir Ralph Sadler, the Engliſh ambaſſador, to ſend for Engliſh bibles from London. As this deed, therefore, had the ſanction of the regent and parliament, let the world judge of the candour of the man who calls it *Knox's reformation.*

Page 8th.—He mentions the miſerable but juſt fate of cardinal *Beatoune*, in ſuch a manner as might make it be thought to have proceeded from the religious animoſities of thoſe times; for he ſays, "that he was murdered by the ruffians of reformation." But it is well known to ſuch as are converſant in the hiſtory of that period, that it was not for his religion that this peſt of ſociety was brought to an untimely end. His numberleſs cruelties and oppreſſions had raiſed him many enemies among all ranks of people; and in particular there was an old quarrel between him

him and *Norman Leſly*, ſon to the Earl of Rothes, who was the principal agent in ridding the world of a monſter, who ought rather to have fallen by the hand of public juſtice.

But while our Author condemns this act with ſo much *malignant* acrimony, he takes care, with his uſual candour, to conceal from his reader the more to be lamented fate of the amiable *Wiſhart*; who but a few days before, and that for conſcience ſake alone, was condemned to the flames, and ſuffered accordingly, by one of the many barbarous decrees of the Doctor's *favourite* cardinal, though there was an expreſs order from the regent to the contrary. If this was not *murder* with a vengeance, I ſhould be glad to know its proper name. But as it was perpetrated under the ſanction of a *popiſh* judicatory, the Doctor may, perhaps, ſoften perſecution into juſtice, and roundly affirm that

the *devoted* Wiſhart deſerved no mercy, for the unpardonable crime, according to him, of being one of the *ruffians of reformation*. He ſeems, indeed, to have a good deal of the *old leaven* in his compoſition; and whatever may be his notions of civil liberty, he ſhews himſelf, upon moſt occaſions, to be no great friend to *that of* conſcience.

Towards the bottom of the ſame page, he aſſerts, that all the civilization introduced into Scotland, is entirely owing to our trade and intercourſe with England.—It is but too common with Engliſh writers to ſpeak contemptuouſly, of other countries, and arrogate very largely to their own; and what with national vanity on the one hand, and national prejudice on the other, the Doctor has, in this inſtance, either ſuffered himſelf to be betrayed into a moſt groſs and wilful miſrepreſentation, or he diſcovers an amazing ignorance of the

the hiſtory of Europe. This *miracle* of knowledge did not know, or is willing to forget, that, long before the period he alludes to, we had an intercourſe of many centuries with France; a nation as *polite*, at leaſt, as *England*, and, perhaps, full as ready to do juſtice to the characters of their neighbours.

Our firſt league with France was in the reign of Charlemagne, in 792, ſigned by that monarch, and afterwards by our king Achaius, at *Inverlochoy*. Charles the Great was ſo fond of ennobling France, not only by arms but by arts, that he ſent for learned men from Scotland, ſays Buchanan, to read philoſophy, in Greek and Latin, at Paris. He himſelf had for his preceptor, Johannes Scotus, or Albinus, a man eminent for learning.

Many other Scots went over about that time, to inſtruct the inhabitants about the Rhine

Rhine in the doctrines of Chriſtianity; which they did with ſuch ſucceſs, that the people built monaſteries in many places. The Germans paid ſuch a reſpect to their memories, that, even in Buchanan's time, Scotchmen were made governors of thoſe monaſteries.

From the time of Achaius to the Union, our alliance with France continued. A complete catalogue of all thoſe treaties, with an Engliſh tranſlation, was publiſhed in 1751; to which I refer the Doctor, to convince him, that we had ſome importance as a nation, before we had any connection with his country. There he will ſee the uncommon privileges we enjoyed in France:—That we were entruſted with the higheſt offices, civil, military, and eccleſiaſtical:—That we were complimented with all the rights and franchiſes of native ſubjects, which we poſſeſs to this day:—And that we were diſtinguiſhed

by the ſingular honour of acting as life-guards to the French kings; a truſt, one would think, not to be conferred on ſuch *ſavages* and *barbarians* as the Doctor would make us.

Our merchants likewiſe enjoyed the moſt uncommon privileges and immunities in France: and many of our nobility and gentlemen obtained extenſive eſtates in that kingdom, as rewards for their ſignal ſervices to the ſtate, which the poſterity of moſt of them inherit to this day.

There cannot, I think, be a more convincing proof of the entire confidence which the French repoſed in the honour and fidelity of the Scots, than their making choice of them for guarding the perſons of their ſovereigns. After *Lewis* XII. had ſet forth, in terms the moſt honourable to our nation, the ſervices which

which the Scots had performed for *Charles* the Seventh, in expelling the Engliſh out of France, and reducing the kingdom to his obedience, he adds,—" Since which " reduction, and for the ſervice the Scots " rendered to Charles the Seventh, upon " that occaſion, and for the great loyalty " and virtue which he found in them, he " ſelected 200 of them for the guard of his " perſon, of whom he made an hundred " *men at arms*, and an hundred *life-guards:* " And the hundred men at arms are the " hundred lances of our ancient ordinances; " and the life-guard men are thoſe of our " guard, who ſtill are near and about our " perſon."

With reſpect to the fidelity of the Scots in this honourable ſtation, let us hear the teſtimony of *Claud Seyſil*, Maſter of Requeſts to the ſame Lewis XII. and afterwards Archbiſhop of Turin, in the hiſtory of that prince; where, ſpeaking of

Scotland, he ſays,—" The French have ſo " ancient a friendſhip and alliance with " the Scots, that, of 400 men appointed " for the king's life-guard, there are an " hundred of the ſaid nation who are the " neareſt to his perſon, and, in the night, " keep the keys of the apartment where " he ſleeps. There are, moreover, an " hundred complete lances, and two hun- " dred yeomen of the ſaid nation, beſides " ſeveral that are diſperſed through the " companies: and for ſo long a time as " they have ſerved in *France*, never hath " there been one of them found, that hath " committed, or done any fault, againſt " the kings or their ſtate; and they make " uſe of them as of their own ſubjects."

The ancient rights and privileges of the Scottiſh life-guards were very honourable. Here follows a deſcription of the functions and precedence belonging to their company, and eſpecially to the twenty-four firſt

firſt guards; to whom the firſt *gendarme* of France being added, they make up the number of twenty-five, commonly called *gardes de manche* (ſleeve guards) who were all Scotch by nation. The Author of the ancient alliance ſays,—" Two of them " aſſiſt at maſs, ſermon, veſpers, and or- " dinary meals. On high holidays, at the " ceremony of the *royal touch*, the erec- " tion of Knights of the King's order, the " reception of extraordinary ambaſſadors, " and the public entries of cities, there " muſt be ſix of their number next to the " King's perſon, three on each ſide of his " Majeſty: and the body of the king muſt " be carried by theſe only, whereſoever " ceremony requires; and his effigy muſt " be attended by them. They have the " keeping of the keys of the king's lodg- " ing at night, the keeping of the choir " of the chapel, the keeping of the boats " when the king paſſes the rivers;—and

" they

" they have the honour of bearing the
" *white ſilk fringe* in their arms, which,
" in France, is the *coronal colour*. The
" keys of all the cities where the king
" makes his entry are given to their cap-
" tain, in waiting, or out of waiting. He
" has the privilege, in waiting, or out of
" waiting, at ceremonies, ſuch as corona-
" tions, marriages, and funerals of the
" kings, and at the baptiſms and marriages
" of their children, to take duty upon
" him. The coronation robe belongs to
" him: and this company, by the death
" or change of a captain, never changes its
" rank, as do the three others."

It would be eaſy to produce the moſt honourable teſtimonies of our national character, from the writers of all the ſtates of any note in Europe, our neareſt neighbours excepted. But this much may ſuffice to convince the moſt *partial* and *credulous*

of

of Doctor Johnſon's readers, that, when we began to have "trade and intercourſe "with England," our manners could not ſtand in much need of any cultivation from that quarter. It will be allowed, I believe, that the Engliſh, like moſt other nations, are indebted for their *own* chief improvements to the French. It would, therefore, be ridiculous to ſuppoſe, that we, who had acceſs to the *original* ſo long before themſelves, ſhould have occaſion, at laſt, to borrow from the *copy*, and thus to acquire the little *poliſh* he allows us, at ſecond-hand only.

Page 10th.—When ſpeaking of the univerſity of St. Andrews, the Doctor ſays, "That the univerſities in Scotland are "mouldering into duſt."—This remark is the more extraordinary, as a great part of St. Salvator's college was built from the foundation not above twenty years ago.

It can hardly be believed, therefore, that ſuch a viſible tendency to decay could already have taken place, though, inſtead of ſolid ſtone, the building had been conſtructed of ſuch *brittle* materials as *Engliſh* bricks.

He next complains, with more virulence than juſtice, of the neglected ſtate of the *chapel* of St. Leonard's college.—But as that college has been, with great propriety, diſſolved, a ſtrict attention to its chapel, which is no longer wanted for religious purpoſes, does not appear neceſſary. The chapel of St. Salvator's, however, which, within theſe few years, has been very neatly repaired, and that at a conſiderable expence, has entirely eſcaped the Doctor's notice. Not a word of this; otherwiſe, as it now ſupplies the place of the other, the dilapidation would have been accounted for, and this heinous charge of *ſacrilege*

ſhewn to be unjuſt. To be conſiſtent, therefore, it was neceſſary to be ſilent. And the Doctor's tender regard to decorum, in this inſtance, illuſtrates a beautiful obſervation of his own, in the page I have laſt quoted, when he ſays, " Where there " is yet ſhame, there may in time be vir- " tue."

The *library* of St. Andrews is the next object of his remarks, which, he tells us, " is not very ſpacious."—This, however, is a vague and indefinite way of ſpeaking, to which the Doctor is rather too frequently addicted. General terms convey no diſtinct ideas; and, if he wiſhed to be underſtood, he ſhould have given the ſeveral dimenſions, that the public might judge for themſelves. For my own part, I am at a loſs to know what he means by *very ſpacious*. It is not, indeed, ſo ſpacious as *St. Paul*'s; but it is ſufficiently large and elegant,

elegant, as a repoſitory of books, for any literary ſociety in the kingdom.

He informs us, that the gentleman by whom it was ſhewn, hoped to mortify his Engliſh vanity, by telling him, that they had no ſuch library in England. This obſervation, I confeſs, was needleſs; and, perhaps, unjuſt. But, be that as it may, the Doctor ſeems determined to have his revenge, by ſaying ſomething to diſparage it.

Nothing can be more uncandid and erroneous, than the account he gives of the rates at which the different claſſes of ſtudents may paſs their ſeſſion, or term, at St. Andrews. His calculation, in general, falls ſhort of the neceſſary expences, by more than one half. Formerly, perhaps, the ſums he mentions might have been nearly ſufficient; but it is well known,

that, of late years, the expence of an academical education in Scotland, as is probably the caſe in England too, has increaſed very conſiderably.

When a man attempts to inform the Public in any thing, he ſhould take ſome care to be firſt well informed himſelf. But our traveller, on moſt occaſions, ſeems not to be very nice in that reſpect. Minute enquiries might either be troubleſome, or not ſuit his purpoſe; and, therefore, to cut the matter ſhort, and come eaſily at his point, he often makes a confident aſſertion ſtand for authority.

The Doctor, at length, takes leave of St. Andrews; though not, to do him juſtice, without making decent mention of the kindneſs of the profeſſors. But even that, he ſays, " did not contribute to abate " the uneaſy remembrance of an univerſity " declining,

" declining, a college alienated, and a " church profaned and haſtening to the " ground." From theſe circumſtances he is led into a train of *reveries*, which he concludes in theſe *pathetic* words: " Had " the univerſity been deſtroyed two centu- " ries ago, we ſhould not have regretted " it; but to ſee it pining in decay and " ſtruggling for life, fills the mind with " mournful images and ineffectual wiſhes."

This is certainly fine language; and a proof, no doubt, of fine feelings. I heartily ſympathize with his *generous* diſtreſs, eſpecially as there is no remedy but *ineffectual wiſhes*. But I muſt tell the *good* man, for his comfort, that the matter is not quite ſo bad as his too lively imagination repreſents it; and that the *mournful images* which fill his mind, are the mere vagaries of a diſtempered fancy. His readers, therefore, need not be too deeply impreſſed

with the calamities he ſpeaks of; as it is not the firſt time, I am told, that the Doctor has amuſed the public with a *Falſe Alarm*.

But to follow our traveller a little more cloſely on this ſubject. What he calls *an univerſity declining*, muſt certainly refer to the college of St. Leonard; for I have mentioned a little above, that the college of St. Salvator had undergone a thorough repair within theſe laſt twenty years. As this, then, is what ought, in propriety, to be now called the univerſity, the other being diſſolved; and as he acknowledges the the abilities of the profeſſors; the moſt partial, I think, muſt ſee the folly, as well as the falſehood of this aſſertion. But had thoſe walls, which he deſcribes as *pining in decay*, and the other univerſities in Scotland, of which he gives not a much better account, produced as few eminent men, as

ſome

ſome other univerſities that might be named, the Doctor's antipathy to this country had not, perhaps, been ſo great; nor would he, probably, have taken the trouble of examining our ſeminaries of learning upon the ſpot.

As to his *alienated college*, he ſaves me the trouble of ſaying much on that head, by confeſſing (page 10.) that "the diſſolution of St. Leonard's college was doubtleſs neceſſary." If this be ſo, why complain of the meaſure? To be neceſſary and yet a reproach, ſeems rather ſomewhat incompatible, and preſents us with a combination of terms, for which, perhaps, we can find no authority, unleſs in the Doctor's Dictionary.

We come now, along with the Doctor, to the melancholy taſk of viewing "a church profaned and haſtening to the

ground."—This church is no other than the old chapel of the annexed, not the *alienated*, college of St. Leonard. Its having been formerly conſecrated by the Romiſh rites, may give ſome little *fillip* to the Doctor's zeal; but in what manner it has been profaned of late years, unleſs he means by the *Preſbyterian* religion, I am unable to conjecture. Since the diſſolution of the ſeminary to which it belonged, it has ceaſed to be occupied as a place of worſhip. I ſee no profanation, therefore, in applying it to any other uſeful purpoſe; as no degree of ſanctity can ſurely remain in the walls. The Scots, at leaſt, do not carry their veneration for ſuch *relics* ſo far as the Doctor did in the iſland of *Jona*, as we ſhall ſee in its proper place; a circumſtance which is no bad index to his religious *creed*.

Page 16th. He repreſents "the whole country as extending in uniform naked-

neſs, except that in the road between Kirkaldy and Cowpar, he paſſed for a few yards between two hedges."—Here I could venture to lay an hundred to one, that our doughty traveller miſtook two extenſive parks for two ſmall hedges; from whence we may form an idea of the correctneſs of his deſcription. This notable gentleman came to Scotland without eyes to ſee the objects that lay in his way; and therefore to follow him through the account he gives of his journey with too much confidence, would be literally truſting to a *blind* guide.

He paſſes very rapidly through the town of *Dundee*, for fear, I ſuppoſe, of being obliged to take notice of its increaſing trade. Beſides a variety of other extenſive and profitable manufactures, the dying of linen yarn is brought to a greater degree of perfection in that place, than any where

elſe in Great Britain. As this is a very curious art, and employs ſome thouſands of people, one would think it as deſerving of notice, as many other things that attracted the Doctor's attention.

To ſee commerce flouriſh, induſtry rewarded, and the poor have bread, are objects which would have given pleaſure to a benevolent mind; and they would have been related with rapture. But England had not yet made any great progreſs in this branch; and the Doctor did not chooſe to acknowledge, that his countrymen were in any thing outdone by the Scots. I profeſs, I mean nothing local in this remark. But, as the Doctor is ſo very ready to ſpeak out, when the balance is on the other ſide; I think it but juſtice to claim that ſhare of comparative merit, which his ſilence has here denied us.

His

His next ſtage was *Aberbrothick*, to which he pays a very *unuſual* compliment, on account of its ancient and magnificent, but now decayed monaſtery; for he tells us, in page 20th, "that he ſhould ſcarcely have regretted his journey, had it afforded nothing more than the ſight of Aberbrothick."

I know not with what degree of pleaſure the Doctor ſurveyed the ruins of this venerable pile; but his abrupt deſcription of it cannot convey much to the reader, nor induce any other ſtranger to travel ſo far for the ſame ſight. He endeavours to account for this deficiency, by pleading the approach of night, which obliged them to deſiſt from their reſearches. Had there been no other day to ſucceed that night, this indeed might be ſome excuſe; but it affords none for not returning next morning, to have a more complete view of an

object, which he owns had captivated his fancy ſo much.

There was no occaſion, however, to call in the aſſiſtance of the night to conceal from his readers, a ſcene which did ſome credit to the country. The Doctor, while in Scotland, never ſaw more than he was willing to communicate. He touches very ſlightly, or not at all, on ſuch objects as might excite the curioſity of the inquiſitive; but the moſt trifling handle for obloquy is greedily laid hold of, and tediouſly diſplayed.

Page 21ſt. At *Montroſe*, he complains much of the behaviour of the Inn-keeper. But, happily for this nation, he found out that his hoſt was an Engliſhman, otherwiſe "every mother's ſon of us" would have been reprobated for his ſake.

While

While at this place, he obſerves, that our beggars "ſolicit ſilently, or very modeſtly."—Here, one would naturally expect, he had found ſomething to ſpeak well of; but not ſo with the Doctor. He begins a harangue on the merits of the begging-trade, and concludes in favour of clamour and perſeverance. When a man will not allow the ſilent modeſty of a Scotch beggar to eſcape the laſh, it is enough to ſhew that he is determined not to be pleaſed.

I intended to have made a remark on what I thought an impropriety in our traveller's language, when he ſays that "the *hedges* near Montroſe are of *ſtone*." But I ſhall leave the *thorn* of correction for the abler hand of *Lexiphanes;* a name which the Doctor may long remember, for a former *complete trimming* of his *Vocabulary*.

In

In his way from Montroſe, he obſerves, "that the fields are ſo generally plowed, that it is hard to imagine where graſs is found for the horſes that till them."—Alas! what ſhall *poor* Scotland do to pleaſe the *good* Doctor? In one place he finds too little tillage, in another too much. Not long ago, he told us, "that the whole country was extended in uniform nakedneſs;" but here he ſeems to forget himſelf, and ſays, "the harveſt, which was almoſt ripe appeared very plentiful." A country covered with a plentiful crop, cannot certainly be called naked. But let the reader account for ſuch caprices, and reconcile ſuch contradictions, if he can.

He inſinuates, page 24, that there are no robbers in Scotland. But, as he ſeldom beſtows with the one hand, without taking away with the other, he concludes his obſervation by adding, "But where there

are

are ſo few travellers, why ſhould there be robbers?"—If he means any thing by this, it muſt be, that the poverty with which he every where brands the Scotch nation, makes the poorer ſort honeſt. This is one good conſequence from a misfortune at leaſt; but the concluſion will by no means follow. Riches and poverty are relative all the world over; and conſequently, where there is but little wealth, the wants of the moſt indigent, will be as effectually relieved by depredations on their neighbours, as in more opulent countries. In ſpite of the Doctor's ſophiſtry, therefore, a pretended want of inducements to rapine, fails to account here for the want of the practice. The ſafety with which, as he confeſſes, he purſued his journey, both by night and by day, called for a more *generous* interpretation. It is principle alone, and neither the penury or paucity of its inhabitants, that exempts the traveller

ler in Scotland from the terrors of the piſtol and dagger.

This communicative gentleman, among other curious anecdotes, informs us, that he ſeldom found in Scotland any method of keeping their windows open, when there was occaſion for admitting freſh air, but by holding them up with the hand, unleſs now and then among good contrivers there be a nail which one might ſtick into a hole to keep them from falling.—The misfortune is, whatever the Doctor meets with but once, if it ſuits his purpoſe, he will make univerſal. That he might meet with ſome inſtances of what he mentions, I will not diſpute; nor in remote corners, nor even elſewhere when the pullies may happen to be out of order, do I think it a bad ſhift; and if our neighbours of the South have not a *nail*, or ſome ſuch expedient, in the like circumſtances, they are not what he calls *good contrivers*.

For

For once, however, he ſeems to feel a conſcious bluſh for the futility of his cenſures; and we find him have the *good grace* to offer an apology for abaſing himſelf ſo far, as to mention ſuch trifles as *nails* to ſupport windows, by alleging, "that the great outlines or characteriſtic of a nation are to be marked out not in palaces, or among the learned, but among the bulk of the people."—This is certainly a juſt obſervation, in which I heartily agree with him; and had he begun to *mark out* theſe *outlines* or *characteriſtics* a little nearer home, he might, perhaps, have found fewer novelties on this ſide of the Tweed.

Page 48. He obſerves, "A Scotch army was very cheaply kept after the time of the Reformation."—I know not indeed, how *cheap* thoſe armies might have been to their friends; but the hiſtory of England can vouch that they often proved very *dear* to their enemies. To be particular on this

head would be invidious; nor ſhall the Doctor's malevolence provoke me to draw aſide the veil which a happy union between the two kingdoms has long ſince, among men of ſenſe and moderation, thrown over paſt tranſactions.

In reflecting upon the ruinous ſtate of our cathedrals, he faces about for once, and tells the Engliſh likewiſe, that "their cathedrals are mouldering by unregarded dilapidation."—Here his own countrymen exclaim againſt his want of candour, and clearly convict him of a moſt audacious miſrepreſentation, by pointing out ſeveral large ſums which have been lately expended on the reparation of ſome of their churches.

We have reaſon to complain of him in almoſt every page; and the preſent inſtance of his inſincerity may ſatisfy others that we have not always had fair play. Introducing

ducing the Scots, he might hope, as the ſcene lies at a diſtance, to exerciſe the common, though not very honourable *privilege* of a traveller, without fear of diſcovery. But what ſhall the world think of a man who, regardleſs of the infamy, ventures to treſpaſs where detection is unavoidable? A ſenſe of ſhame and a regard to truth generally go together; and when a man has loſt the one, he ſeldom retains the other.

He ſays, pages 50, 51, that "the firſt orchard and plantation of oak he ſaw in Scotland was at Fochabers," though it is well known there were ſeveral of both kinds in his way, had he been diſpoſed to obſerve them. But where the Doctor could not get a good dinner, a circumſtance which is generally thought to have an uncommon influence on his narrations, he ſeldom found any agreeable objects. At any rate it does not ſeem a very judicious

ſituation for orchards, to place them ſo near the road, that a perſon who hardly ſees his finger-length before him ſhould be able to deſcry them.

At *Forres*, Dr. Johnſon "found nothing worthy of particular remark." Mr. *Pennant*, however, was a little more fortunate here, as well as every where elſe. "Near Forres," ſays that gentleman, "on the road ſide is a vaſt column three feet ten inches broad, and one foot three inches thick; the height above the ground is twenty-three feet; below, as is ſaid, twelve or fifteen feet. On one ſide are numbers of rude figures of animals and armed men, with colours flying: ſome of the men ſeemed bound like captives. On the oppoſite ſide was a croſs included in a circle, and raiſed a little above the ſurface of the ſame.—This is called king *Sueno*'s ſtone, and ſeems to be, as Mr. Gordon conjectures, erected by the Scots, in memory of the

the final retreat of the Danes." This monument of Scotch triumph over the Danes, who had put England under the yoke, Dr. Johnſon did not ſee, or he did not chooſe to record an event ſo much to their honour.

Before he left Forres, he might have found ſomething *worthy of remark* in contemplating the ruins of the old caſtle, which ſtood at the weſt end of the town, and was formerly a place of great extent and ſtrength. He might likewiſe have entertained himſelf agreeably by taking a view, from the town, of the fertile plain below, which ſtretches for many miles towards the ſea, as well as to the Eaſt and Weſt; and where he could have ſeen gentlemen's ſeats, with *hedges*, *trees*, and every other mark of cultivation, ſcattered before him in the moſt delightful profuſion. But the Doctor mentions none of thoſe things, as it was not his intention to

give his reader the leaſt favourable idea of the grandeur of our anceſtors, or the induſtry of the preſent times.

Not far from this town, in his way to Nairn, he had an opportunity of ſeeing the caſtle of *Tarnaway*, an ancient and noble ſeat of the Earls of Murray. Here he would have found, what he pretends ſo often to have looked for in vain, parks, plantations, and natural woods in abundance; which, with other beauties of nature and art, might ſufficiently compenſate for the trouble of a ſhort peep as he went along; it would not have taken him much out of his way, and he would have made a ſhift to viſit a *popiſh* church, or even the ruins of one, at a greater diſtance.

Of *Fort George*, which he owns to be the moſt regular in the iſland, he mentions little elſe than the good entertainment he received at the governor's table. His pre-

tence

tence for not giving a more particular account of this important place is, "becauſe he could not delineate it ſcientifically," as he phraſes it. But the true reaſon was, that he did not wiſh his countrymen to know that there was any thing in the North of ſo ſuperior a nature, and ſo well worth their ſeeing. Had Fort George, inſtead of what it is, been the meaneſt and moſt irregular in the iſland, the good Doctor would have found *other* language to delineate it, if he could not be *ſcientifically* exact; or, in other words, where ſcience failed, ſarcaſm would have done the reſt.

Page 54.—One can hardly forbear ſmiling to hear him talk of Scotland being conquered by *Cromwell*. But a man muſt have little knowledge of facts, or ſtill leſs honeſty, who can gravely advance ſuch an opinion; as it is well known to every perſon who is in the leaſt acquainted with hiſtory,

that Scotland has never been conquered. The country has been often invaded, and its armies have been ſometimes defeated, but it never yet has ſubmitted to a foreign yoke.

To reduce Scotland was an attempt that defied the whole power of the Roman empire, even at the height of its glory. The Danes, who made ſo eaſy a conqueſt of England, acquired nothing but death and graves in Scotland; and the united fraud, force, and perſeverance of Edward I. and ſome of his ſucceſſors, though always aſſiſted by a powerful faction in the country, could never ſubdue the ſpirit of a people who were determined to be free, and diſdained the control of an uſurper.

But in order to clear up this matter a little, it is neceſſary to ſtop the Doctor for a while, in his journey and *conqueſts*, and deſire him, by way of prelude, to look back,

back, and ſee what antiquity ſays on the ſubject.

In the year 55 before Chriſt, when *Julius Cæſar* invaded Britain, it is known he was repulſed with conſiderable loſs. Afterwards, in the year 165, it appears from hiſtory, that the Caledonians cut the Romans to pieces; while the Engliſh hiſtorians, however ready on moſt occaſions to do ample juſtice to their country, do not pretend to ſay, that South Britain, at that æra, made any ſtand againſt that warlike people.

Ammianus Marcellinus owns that the North Britons killed *Follafandus*, a Roman general, and *Nectarides*, count of the maritime coaſt. *Theodoſius*, one of the moſt renowned generals of the times, was then ſent with a powerful army againſt them, and relieved the city of London, then under dreadful apprehenſions from the North Britons.

After

After repeated attempts of the Romans to conquer the Caledonians, the emperor *Severus* went himſelf in perſon againſt them, in the year 208, with the ſtrength of the whole empire; and though he had the aſſiſtance of South Britain, and of part of the ſouth of Scotland, then Roman provinces, he was contented at laſt, after a loſs of more than ſeventy thouſand * men in one campaign, to treat with *them* and the Meates †, and erect a new wall to ſtop their incurſions.

Twenty years after the death of Severus, the Caledonians were conſidered as ſuch formidable enemies, that *Dio* tells us, in his account of the diſpoſition of the Roman legions, about the year 230, that the Romans kept two legions on the borders

* *Stillingfleet*, an Engliſh writer, acknowledges on the authority of Tacitus, that the Romans loſt ſeventy thouſand men in one year, fighting againſt the North Britons.

† The ancient name of the people in that part of Scotland which lies on the ſouth of the river Clyde.

againſt

againſt the unconquered Britons; whereas one legion was ſufficient to keep all the reſt of Britain in ſubjection *.

This is the account which the moſt candid and unexceptionable of the Roman hiſtorians give of this matter. From hence, therefore, it appears, that the Romans, even at a time when they were maſters of the known world, and had attained to their higheſt pitch of grandeur, were ſometimes obliged to compound matters with the Caledonians, and at laſt utterly to abandon all thoughts of conquering a people whom they generouſly confeſſed to be the moſt warlike they had ever encountered.

Here, I muſt own, I cannot help being in ſome pain for the poor Doctor's ſituation, as he muſt ſurely *ſtrain hard* to ſwallow this harſh pill; and yet, diſagreeable

* Lib. lv. 564.

as

as it is, down it muſt go, ſince this is not a ſtory founded upon *Scotch narration.*

But further, it will readily occur to the intelligent reader, that the inroads of the Romans, as well as thoſe of Edward I. hardly reached, and never went beyond *Druim-alba;* ſo that at the worſt, ſuppoſing all the tract to the ſouthward to have been completely conquered, inſtead of being only over-run ſometimes, the greateſt part of the country muſt ſtill have retained its liberty.

I am ſenſible, that with ſome a common anſwer to all this is, "that the conqueſt of Scotland was not worth while." Should Doctor Johnſon chooſe to retreat under the ſame cover, let him inform us, if he can, why ſo ſenſible a people as the Romans ſhould perſevere ſo long, and be ſo very obſtinate in their laſt effort, as to ſacrifice ſeventy thouſand men in the

the purſuit of ſo contemptible an object? And why Edward I. of England, among whoſe failings folly has never been reckoned the chief, ſhould have employed almoſt his whole life, and waſted ſo much blood and treaſure, on the ſame unprofitable attempt? From hence, I think, it does not ſeem very probable, that ſuch an acquiſition was formerly deemed a matter of ſo little conſequence; whatever may now be the opinion of a *wiſer* poſterity. It muſt be confeſſed, however, that the *anſwer* is a *convenient* one; it is like cutting the *Gordian knot*, which could not be untied.

As to the conqueſt ſo ridiculouſly aſcribed to *Cromwell*, little need be ſaid to ſuch as are acquainted with the circumſtances of thoſe times. A powerful party of the Scots had early oppoſed the impolitic meaſures of the king, and they were the firſt to appear in the field againſt him; though from different motives, they had embarked

in

in the ſame enterpriſe with Cromwell, and conſequently there could be no ground of quarrel between them. When, therefore, that *regicide* went afterwards to the North, it was not to conquer a whole kingdom, but only to curb a party that ſtill continued to act for the royal cauſe; and even in that he was aſſiſted by many of their own countrymen, who were ſanguine enemies to the Houſe of *Stuart*. Had he gone with more ambitious views, and againſt an united people, his expedition might have ended, like many others from the ſame quarter, in a manner which Dr. Johnſon would not chooſe to relate.

None ſurely can be weak enough to believe that Cromwell could do more in a few weeks, than the moſt renowned commanders had been able to atchieve in as many centuries. The whole glory of this conqueſt, therefore, muſt belong to the *Doctor* alone. What could not be done in the

the field, he has accompliſhed in his cloſet, and *ſhamed* the ſword of the ſoldier with one *daſh* of his pen.

The Doctor next proceeds to enumerate the *many* and *great* advantages which we derived from the loſs of our freedom. He ſays, page 55, "Cromwell civilized them by conqueſt, and introduced by uſeful violence the arts of peace:" and then, as the ſum total of theſe *valuable arts*, he adds very gravely, "that he was told at *Aberdeen*, that the people learned from Cromwell's ſoldiers, to make ſhoes and to plant kail."

Theſe to be ſure were two very good things, as they adminiſtered at once both to our external and internal wants; but that our traveller ſhould be told ſo at *Aberdeen*, ſeems rather a little ſuſpicious. That has long been a city of extenſive trade and frequent intercourſe with the continent of Europe: it

it cannot be ſuppoſed, therefore, that *the people* were ſtrangers to the making of ſhoes at that period; unleſs we can ſuppoſe at the ſame time, that no ſuch thing as ſhoes were then in uſe any where elſe; and that Cromwell's ſoldiers were afterwards diſperſed among all nations, as ſo many *miſſionary coblers*, to inſtruct *the people* in that uſeful *art of peace*.

But let the Doctor's credibility ſtand or fall by his own teſtimony. He acknowledges (page 56), that the Scots are ingenious and inquiſitive,—that they had early attained the liberal arts,—and excelled in ornamental knowledge. Is it conſiſtent with ſuch a deſcription then, that a manual art for ſupplying ſo eſſential a conveniency of life, ſhould be totally unknown to them? Even among a ruder people, the feelings of nature would certainly ſuggeſt expedients, however imperfect, to guard

againſt the rigours of particular ſeaſons and climates.

We come next to conſider the probability of what relates to the article of *kail*. Dr. Johnſon would no doubt inſinuate, that kail and other garden vegetables had abounded in England long before they were cultivated in Scotland; but if he conſults Anderſon's Hiſtory of the Riſe and Progreſs of Commerce, he will find that our ſouthern neighbours have ſo little to boaſt of in this particular, that in 1509 there was not a ſallad in all England, and that cabbages, carrots, turnips, and other plants and roots, were imported from the Netherlands. The whole country could not furniſh a ſingle ſallad, &c. for Henry the Eighth's queen, till gardeners and different ſorts of plants were brought from foreign countries.

Let this be compared with what we read in a hiſtory of Scotland by John Leſlie, popiſh biſhop of Roſs, who flouriſhed in

the year 1560, and dedicated his book to the pope. In the ſecond edition of this work, printed at Rome in 1675, the Doctor will find, that in the biſhop's time Glaſgow was a market famous not only for wine, &c. &c. but that it likewiſe abounded in orchards and garden herbs *. And again, that Murray was famous for all ſorts of corn, and likewiſe for orchards, &c †.—It is not very likely then, that a country which abounded in theſe things ſhould want ſo ordinary an article as common kail.

From hence it appears, as biſhop Leſlie wrote about a century before Cromwell went to Scotland, that Dr. Johnſon's account of this matter cannot be juſt. And indeed I am apt to think, if he had any information at all, it was a mere trick of

* Page 11. Glaſguam celeberrimum emporium vini, aquæ vitæ, Brogat. &c. &c. &c. pomiferis hortis et hortenſibus herbis abundans.

† Page 26. Moravia omni frumenti genere, pomiferis hortis, &c. delectat.

ſome

ſome wag, who diverted himſelf with his Engliſh vanity, and now laughs at his weakneſs for recording a Canterbury tale.

After concluding his *hiſtory* of kail, the Doctor gives a ſpecimen of his abilities as a philoſopher. "How they lived without kail," ſays he, "it is not eaſy to gueſs: they cultivate hardly any other plant for common tables, and when they had not kail, they probably had nothing."—What force of reaſoning! how beautiful, how juſt the concluſion! The fable of the Chameleon needs no longer give ſurpriſe. *Air* is ſomething to live upon; but this miracle of Engliſh erudition has found out, that a whole nation of people can live for ages upon nothing. All great diſcoveries, to be ſure, have been reſerved for that favourite ſpot of heaven, called England. But Dr. Johnſon's *nothing* ſurpaſſes *every thing!*

In the laſt quoted page, he acknowledges, "that literature, ſoon after its revival, found

its way to Scotland; and that from the middle of the ſixteenth century, almoſt to the middle of the ſeventeenth, the politer ſtudies were very diligently purſued."—The force of truth ſeems, for once, to have unſealed the Doctor's eye-lids. But the apparent candour of this confeſſion is effaced by his concealing, that the Scots had likewiſe their ſhare of the ſciences before the ſubverſion of learning. Such of them as were known in Europe at the time, were cultivated at I, Oronſa, and other places, ſo early as the fifth and ſixth centuries. *Collum Cille*, or St. Columba, came to I about the year 565, and of his age the forty-third; which was an hundred and thirty-five years after the building of that abbey by *Fergus* II.

King *Edwin*, of Saxon race, firſt embraced Chriſtianity only in 627; whereas it had prevailed in Scotland ſince 165.—*Oſwald*, king of Northumberland, ſent for learned men to Scotland in 634.—St. *Aidan* was

conſecrated

conſecrated biſhop of Northumberland in 635. *Finan*, from Iona, ſucceeded him in 652. *Colman* ſucceeded Finan in 661, but retired to Scotland again in 664, when the diſpute about Eaſter and the Tonſure was decided in the ſynod againſt him.

In the reign of *Malduinus*, who ſucceeded to the crown of Scotland in 668, *Buchanan* ſays, "the Scottiſh monks propagated the "doctrines of Chriſt over almoſt all Eng-"land, and had ſo inſtructed the Engliſh "youth, that now they ſeemed able of "themſelves to preach the goſpel in a "proper manner to their countrymen; "but their envy againſt their maſters grew "in proportion to their learning; and "their prejudice in this reſpect went ſo "far, that the Scottiſh monks were obliged "to return to their own country. Though "this contumely cut off, at that time, the "concord between the two nations, the "modeſty of thoſe who had received the

" inſult, kept both kingdoms from an " open war."

From this event, the violence on one ſide, and moderation on the other, the reader can eaſily trace out the ancient characteriſtic of the two nations; and, if we may judge from that *good temper* with which the Scots have, of late years, borne the *invectives* of their ſouthern neighbours, the ſame traits of national character will ſtill appear uniformly to diſtinguiſh both. The indecent ſcurrilities of a *Churchill*, a *Wilkes*, and others, and more latterly, the *coarſer* attacks of a *Johnſon*, have not hitherto met with any other mark of reſentment than a ſilent contempt.

In the Biſhop of Roſs's book * we may ſee, that about the year 273, there

* Floruere circa hæc tempora (A. D. 273) apud Scotos Amphibalus, Modacus, &c. &c. multique alii viri, doctrina et religione inſignes, Dei cultores (Culdei noſtra lingua vulgari dicti). Pag. 115.

flouriſhed

flouriſhed among the Scots, *Amphibalus*, *Modacus*, and many other men eminent for their learning and religion, who were worſhippers of God, and called, in our common language, viz. the *Galic*, Culdich (or Culdees).

We may obſerve from the famous paſſage in Tertullian, wrote about A. D. 209, that there were already believers in Chriſt, even in thoſe parts of the iſland which the Romans had not been able to ſubdue †.

Before the end of the fourth century the Chriſtian religion was ſpread from one end of the province of *Valencia* to the other; a ſpace comprehending the ſouth-weſt part of Scotland, from the Solway Frith to Dunbarton. St. *Ninian* was born of Chriſtian parents in what was afterwards called Galloway, and formed the one extremity of this province; and in the other, near Dunbarton, St. *Patrick* was alſo born of

† Britannorum inacceſſa loca, Chriſto vero ſubdita. Tertullian. contra Judæos, cap. 7.

Chriſtian parents, and in a place wholly peopled by Chriſtians. And thoſe two ſaints became, by themſelves and their diſciples, the firſt apoſtles of the Picts and Scots, both in Scotland and in Ireland.—Laſt of all, the Saxons of the north of England were alſo converted by St. Aidan, as already mentioned, in the ſeventh century.

Theſe few hints relative to the riſe and progreſs of civilization in general, and of Chriſtianity in particular, in both kingdoms, will, it is to be hoped, pull down one ſtory at leaſt of the Doctor's height, and ſatisfy the Public that the odds, in point of time, is greatly in favour of Scotland.

Page 57.—He ſays, "the Scots muſt be for ever content to owe to the Engliſh all their elegance and culture."—Had the Doctor been here giving an account of any other nation in Europe, I make no doubt but he would likewiſe have found ſome opportunity of making a ſimilar claim in favour

favour of *old England.* Our good neighbours have been always pretty remarkable for the *modeſt* virtue of ſelf-applauſe, and conſidering their own country, at all times and in all things, as the true ſtandard of all perfection.

What has been already ſaid, concerning *our* early connection with France, may be a ſufficient anſwer to the *abſurdity* and *arrogance* of this aſſertion. It is with an ill grace, indeed, that the Engliſh pretend to be a model of taſte for others: they themſelves are daily copying from the *Gallic* ſchool; and though they have been long under tutorage, the world have not yet conceived any high opinion of their *elegance and culture!* In ſpite of diſcipline, there is ſtill a roughneſs in their manners which has rendered them proverbial.

But the frequent repetition of the above remark, to be found in the Doctor's per-

formance,

formance, renders it neceſſary to have recourſe to a few facts, for ſetting that matter in a proper light: and, therefore, I muſt recal his attention to ſome circumſtances relating to the ſtate of the two kingdoms, long before any friendly intercourſe between them could give us an opportunity of receiving thoſe *boaſted* improvements.

In the year 1234, ſtraw was uſed for the king's bed in England.—In 1300, wine was ſold in England, only by apothecaries, as a cordial. But it was then quite otherways in Scotland, becauſe of our extenſive trade, in proportion to the commerce of thoſe days, with France and Spain; and till I adverted to this circumſtance, it often ſurpriſed me to find frequent mention made, in many of our ancient *Gallic* poems, of the drinking of wine and burning of wax in the habitations of our chieftains.—In 1340, the parliamentary grants to the king of England were only in kind; and thirty thouſand

thouſand ſacks of wool was this year's grant.—In 1505, the firſt ſhilling was coined in England.—In 1561, Queen Elizabeth wore the firſt pair of *knitted* ſilk ſtockings that ever were in that country.—In 1543, pins were firſt made in England; and before that time the ladies uſed *ſkewers*.

To all this let me oppoſe, but particularly to the *ſkewers* of the Engliſh ladies, the account which the Biſhop of Roſs gives of the dreſs of the women among the ancient Scots. We ſhall there find, "that "they were clothed with *purple* and *em-* "*broidery* of moſt exquiſite workmanſhip, "with bracelets and necklaces on their arms "and necks, ſo as to make a moſt graceful "appearance *." Nor needs it be matter

* Mulierum habitus apud illos (ſcil. priſcos Scotos) decentiſſimus erat. Nam talari tunicæ, arte phrygia ut plurimum confectæ, amplas chlamydes atque illas quidem polymitas, ſuperinduerunt. Illarum brachia armillis, et colla monilibus elegantius ornata, maximam habent decoris ſpeciem. Pag. 55.

"of

of ſurpriſe how the Scots had opportunities of procuring ſuch ornaments, ſince the ſame author ſhews they had, at that time, a conſiderable trade with France and Spain, from Inverlochay, near Fort William *.

After this view of the matter, it is difficult to ſay, whether we are to accuſe Dr. Johnſon of ignorance, or inſincerity, in what he has ſo *boldly*, but with ſo little appearance of juſtice, aſſerted. It is certain, had he been in the leaſt acquainted with the hiſtory of his own country, he might eaſily have ſeen, that the Engliſh have been a little too tardy in their own improvements, to ſupport them in any *decent* claim of having civilized their neighbours.

But notwithſtanding all that can be ſaid to the contrary, the Doctor ſeems deter-

* Ad Louchææ oſtia ſita olim erat opulentiſſima civitas Inverlothæa appellata, ad quam Galli, Hiſpanique, commercii cauſa frequentius trajecerant. Hæc poſtea a Norvegis, Daniſque everſa, et nunquam a nobis deinceps, quæ noſtra eſt ignavia, inſtauratur. Pag. 23.

mined,

mined, right or wrong, to maintain his poſition. He therefore goes on, and tells us again very roundly, " that till the union made the Scots acquainted with Engliſh manners, their tables were coarſe as the feaſts of Eſkimeaux, and their houſes filthy as the cottages of Hottentots."—There is an expreſſion among lawyers, " that what proves too much, proves nothing." It is juſt ſo with my *worthy friend* the Doctor, in this place: he has laid on his *filth* ſo very thick, that I am of opinion it will fall off by its own weight.

But in the name of wonder, who could expect ſuch a remark to drop from the pen of a man on whom the witty Lord *Cheſterfield*, many years ago, beſtowed the appellation of *Hottentot* *? His lordſhip was

* When talking of our Author, the Earl of Cheſterfield ſaid, " that he could never conſider Dr. Johnſon in any other point of view than as a more reſpectable kind of Hottentot."

allowed

allowed not only to be a good judge of character, but likewiſe to have a good hand at drawing a *likeneſs*. It was, therefore, unlucky in our Author to come blundering out with an expreſſion which muſt call to our remembrance this ſtriking ſpecimen of the noble artiſt's ſkill. For I will be bold to affirm, that no man has ever yet ſeen Dr. Johnſon in the act of *feeding*, or beheld the inſide of his *cell* in *Fleet-ſtreet*, but would think the *feaſts of Eſkimeaux* or the *cottages of Hottentots* injured by a compariſon.

But ſuppoſing the Doctor's charge to hold good in very diſtant times, let me aſk him whether England and every other country under the ſun has not had its ages of *ignorance* and *barbarity*? If this *ſolemn* pedant will deign to look back, he will find many things in the hiſtory of his own country which ought to convince him that civilization did not begin very

very early there, nor advance with a quick pace. I am always ſorry when I am obliged to trace out anecdotes of this kind; but his ill-manners and want of candour render it neceſſary.

Alfred the Great, who died in the year 900, complained "that from the Humber to the Thames there was not a prieſt that underſtood the Liturgy in his mother-tongue; and that from the Thames to the ſea there was not one that could tranſlate the eaſieſt piece of Latin. This univerſal ignorance, and the little reliſh the Engliſh had for arts and ſciences, made the King invite learned and ingenious foreigners."—In 1167 King Henry the Second ſends to Ireland, and cauſes build a palace of *wattles* in Dublin, after the manner of the country, wherein he keeps his Chriſtmas.—It was not till 1209 that London began to be governed by a Mayor;—and ſo near our

own times as the year 1246 moſt of the houſes in that capital were thatched with *ſtraw*,—the windows were without glaſs,—and all the fires ſtood to the wall without *chimneys*.—In the year 1300, and afterwards, almoſt all the houſes in England were built of wood, &c. &c.

Such facts as theſe are the ſureſt teſts of the progreſs of civilization in any country, as they ſhew the taſte and manners of the inhabitants at different periods of time. If the Doctor doubts their authenticity, he will find them confirmed by *Rapin* and other hiſtorians.

As our traveller gives us only his own authority for what he ſays of Scotland at the time of the union, a teſtimony which the reader, by this time, cannot think altogether unexceptionable; let us now ſee what others have reported of the ſtate of civilization

civilization among us long before that period.

When *Margaret*, daughter of *Henry* the Seventh of England, became the Queen of our *James* the Fourth, ſhe was attended to the Scotch court by many of the firſt nobility of both ſexes; and yet the Engliſh hiſtorians of thoſe days allow, that they were fully equalled, or even excelled, by the Scotch nobility, in politeneſs of manners, the number of their jewels, and the richneſs of their dreſs; and particularly, that the entertainments they received at the houſes of our great people did not yield to any thing they had ever ſeen.

In 1546, *Contarini* was Pope's legate in Scotland; and upon his return to the continent, he celebrated the Scotch nation as a *polite* and *hoſpitable* people. He bore this teſtimony to their merit, though he could not ſucceed in the object of his em-

baſſy; which was, to ſupport the Romiſh religion, then faſt declining in that kingdom, on account of the intolerable cruelties of Cardinal Betoun. But this prelate, very unlike to Dr. *Johnſon*, could not permit his prejudices as an ambaſſador to warp his veracity as a man.

The Queen of *James* the Fifth, though a princeſs of ſo civilized a nation as France, acknowledged, "that the court and inhabitants of Scotland were the moſt *polite* and *civilized* ſhe had ever ſeen, and the palace of Linlithgow the moſt *magnificent*."

As a further ſpecimen of our *tables*, let us take the Earl of Athole's feaſt to James the Fifth, as related by Lindſay the hiſtorian.

The Earl of Athole's Feaſt to James V.

"Syne (then) the next ſummer the "King paſt to the Highland to hunt in "Athole,

" Athole, and took with him his mother,
" Margaret Queen of Scotland, and an
" Embaſſador of the Pope's, who was in
" Scotland for the time. The Earl of
" Athole, hearing of the King's coming,
" made great proviſion in all things per-
" taining to a Prince, that he was as well
" ſerved and eaſed, with all things neceſ-
" ſary to his eſtate, as he had been in his
" own palace of Edinburgh. For I heard
" ſay, this noble Earl gart (cauſed) make
" a curious palace to the King, to his
" mother, and to the Embaſſador, where
" they were ſo honourably eaſed and lodged
" as they had been in England, France,
" Italy, or Spain, concerning the time,
" and equivalent for their hunting and
" paſtime; which was builded in the midſt
" of a fair meadow, a fair palace of green
" timber, wind with green birks, that
" were green both under and above; which
" was faſhioned in four quarters, and in
" every quarter and nuik thereof a great

" round, as it had been a block-houſe,
" which was lofted and geſted the ſpace of
" three houſe height; the floors laid with
" green ſcarets and ſpreats, medwarts
" and flowers, that no man knew whereon
" he zeid, but as he had been in a garden.
" Further, there were two great rounds in
" ilk ſide of the gate, and a great port-
" culleis of tree, falling down with the
" manner of a barrace, with a draw-bridge,
" and a great ſtank of water of ſixteen
" foot deep, and thirty foot of breadth.
" And alſo this palace within was hung
" with fine tapeſtry and arraſſes of ſilk,
" and lighted with fine glaſs windows in
" all airths (directions); that this palace was
" as pleaſantly decored with all neceſſaries
" pertaining to a Prince, as it had been
" his own palace-royal at home. Further,
" this Earl gart make ſuch proviſion for
" the King, and his mother, and the Em-
" baſſador, that they had all manner of
" meats,

" meats, drinks and delicates that were to
" be gotten at that time, in all Scotland,
" either in burgh or land; that is to ſay,
" all kind of drink, as ale, beer, wine both
" white and claret, malvery, muſkadel,
" hippocras and aqua vitæ. Further, there
" was of meats, white-bread, main-bread,
" and ginge-bread, with fleſhes, beef,
" mutton, lamb, veal, veniſon, gooſe,
" grice, capon, coney, cran, ſwan, par-
" tridge, plover, duck, drake, briſſe-cock,
" and pawnies, black-cock and muir-fool
" cappercaillies: and alſo the ſtanks that
" were round about the palace were full
" of all delicate fiſhes, as ſalmonds, trouts,
" pearches, pikes, eels, and all other kind
" of delicate fiſhes that could be gotten in
" freſh waters; and all ready for the ban-
" ket. Syne were there proper ſtewards,
" cunning baxters, excellent cooks and
" potengars, with confections and drugs
" for their deſerts: and the halls and

 " chambers

" chambers were prepared with coſtly bed-
" ding, veſſel and napery, according for a
" king; ſo that he wanted none of his
" orders more than he had been at home
" in his own palace. The King remained
" in this wilderneſs, at the hunting, the
" ſpace of three days and three nights,
" and his company, as I have ſhewn. I
" heard men ſay, it coſt the Earl of
" Athole, every day, in expences a thou-
" ſand pounds.

" The Embaſſador of the Pope, ſeeing
" this great banquet and triumph which
" was made in the wilderneſs, where there
" was no town near by twenty miles,
" thought it a great marvel, that ſuch a
" thing ſhould be in Scotland, conſidering
" that it was named the end of the world
" by other countries; and that there ſhould
" be ſuch honeſty and policy in it, eſpecially
" in the Highland, where there was ſo much
" wood and wilderneſs. But moſt of all,

" this

" this Embaſſador marvelled to ſee, when " the King departed, and all his men took " their leave, the Highland-men ſet all " this fair place on a fire, that the King " and the Embaſſador might ſee it. Then " the Embaſſador ſaid to the King, " I " marvel, Sir, that you ſhould thole (ſuffer) " yon fair place to be burnt, that your Grace " has been ſo well lodged in." Then the " King anſwered the Embaſſador, and ſaid, " It is the uſe of our Highland-men, " though they be never ſo well lodged, " to burn their lodging when they de- " part." See Lindſay's Hiſtory of Scot. p. 266, &c.

From theſe circumſtances it may appear, ſhould the Journey to the *Hebrides* ſurvive its author, how miſerably deceived they muſt be, who, in future times, ſhall take the Doctor's account of Scotland for truth. When, therefore, he boaſts of the advantages which, in theſe reſpects, the

Scots have derived from the union, he ought to have aſſigned a cauſe, why we were leſs refined in the beginning of the eighteenth century, than our forefathers have been proved to have been ſome centuries before. Either, then, he is unacquainted with our *ancient* manners, or he groſsly miſrepreſents our *modern* character. His ignorance, therefore, or his malice, whichever the Doctor ſhall think the moſt eligible, can only account for the preſumption of his aſſertions.

But were we to admit, with our traveller, that the Engliſh have taught us how to procure any of the *good things* of this life, it might fairly be ſaid, that they have likewiſe taught us the art of *ſpending* them. We daily ſee more of a clumſy affectation, taſteleſs extravagance, and giddy diſſipation, which many of our countrymen carry home with them from the ſouth ſide of the Tweed, than of polite improvements, or

uſeful

uſeful inventions. If theſe are the advantages which Dr. Johnſon means to charge againſt us in favour of the Engliſh, as the *precious* effects of the union, he has an undoubted right to perſiſt in his claim, and we are ready to acknowledge ourſelves their debtors.

At the ſame time, we do not mean to diſclaim all advantages from the union, but only to ſhew, that they are not of that kind which Dr. Johnſon inſinuates. Conſidered in a political light, it was certainly a wiſe and ſalutary meaſure for both kingdoms; but, even in that view, the Engliſh are the principal gainers. The Doctor cannot well deny this poſition, if he but recollects, that the Engliſh were the firſt to propoſe the union, and that it was at length carried with difficulty in Scotland. They call themſelves a *generous* people; but we cannot ſuppoſe them to be ſo very extravagantly ſo, as to take ſo much pains

in preſſing a meaſure, from which WE were to reap the chief advantages. If this really was the caſe, they had ſurely a much greater *love* and *affection* for their fellow-ſubjects of the North in the reign of Queen *Anne*, than, I am afraid, they poſſeſs for them in the reign of *George* the Third—if we are to judge of the whole nation from the ſample given us by Dr. *Johnſon*, who is reckoned one of their wiſeſt and beſt men.

Page 58 brings our traveller to a road upon which "no wheel had ever rolled." There can appear nothing extraordinary in this remark, unleſs the good Doctor had aſſerted, at the ſame time, that every bye-road in England was fit for a carriage. We have already ſeen, that in 1300 all the houſes in England were built of wood; and long after that period it was accounted a ſort of luxury to ride in a two-wheeled cart. Beſides, if we may credit even

Engliſh

Engliſh hiſtorians, their favourite Queen Elizabeth had no other mode of travelling, than by riding behind one of her domeſtics; which evidently ſhews, that the *rolling of wheels* has not been ſo very long known, or generally practiſed, even in England itſelf. But further, I am credibly informed, that within theſe forty years, a time, I preſume, within the Doctor's remembrance, moſt of the roads within twenty miles of London were hardly fit for riding, much leſs for carriages. Who then but our traveller could remark, that, in the remote and unfrequented parts of the mountains of Scotland, there were not regular poſt roads?

In page 60 he finds out, that "civility ſeems part of the national character of Highlanders." If ever Dr. *Johnſon* has his good-humoured intervals, this compliment certainly eſcaped him in one of them. But how are we to reconcile this

with the epithets of rude, barbarous, groſs, and ſavage, &c. which, in other parts of his work, he ſo liberally beſtows on the whole nation? If the decent behaviour of common *horſe-hirers*, to uſe a Scottiſh expreſſion, who attended him in his journey, extorted this confeſſion from him, we cannot well ſuppoſe, that he found the better ſort of people deficient in agreeable qualifications. Either, then, the Doctor means ſomething by the *civility* of his horſe-hirers, which is not underſtood by others, or his national epithets can have no foundation in truth. We ſhould, therefore, be glad to hear him give ſome conſiſtent explanation of theſe particulars; as the *civility* of a *rude* and *barbarous*, or, in other words, of an *uncivilized* people, conveys an uncommon ſort of idea. For my part, I have looked into his own Dictionary, and could not find, even in that *perverter* of the Engliſh language, any definition of the

above

above terms that can make them hang together.

When riding along the ſide of *Loch Neſs*, a ray of good-humour ſeems to have ſtolen into the Doctor's mind. For a while we find him pleaſed with the goodneſs of the road, and the cheerfulneſs of the day; but this ſudden gleam, like ſunſhine before a ſtorm, was of ſhort duration. His natural gloomineſs ſoon returns; and his reſtleſs caprice finds a thouſand faults. At that ſeaſon of the year no mortal, but himſelf, could have quarrelled with the objects around him. If ever the wild magnificence of nature could pleaſe, that day's journey furniſhed ample matter of entertainment. Even his own deſcription of the ſcene through which he paſſed, in ſpite of all his endeavours to the contrary, conveys enough to the mind of the reader to make him regret that he has not a more perfect view.

He

He gives, here and there, a peep of ſome beauties which he ſaw; but unluckily, as on moſt other occaſions, he ſeems leſs willing to exhibit theſe at full length, than to point out a "rock ſometimes towering in horrid nakedneſs."

From the banks of *Loch Neſs* the Doctor turns his obſervation to its waters. He had been told at Fort Auguſtus, that it continues open in the hardeſt winters, though another lake not far from it is covered with ice. This being an exception from the common courſe of things, he ſeems much diſpoſed to doubt the fact; for he will not ſuffer nature to ſport with her own laws in Scotland, except in producing deformities. Then, indeed, ſhe may play as many wild pranks as ſhe thinks proper; and ſhe pleaſes him the better, the more, like himſelf, ſhe becomes a *Rambler*.

As there could be no motive to deceive him in a matter of ſo little conſequence to the country, as the freezing or *not* freezing of *Loch Neſs*, it is ſtrange he ſhould expoſe his own weakneſs, by taking ſo much pains to render it doubtful. He diſputes this trivial fact with a ſolemnity truly ridiculous. At length, however, finding himſelf unable to give any *decent* colour to his objections, he endeavours to account for ſo ſingular a *phenomenon*; though ſtill with this cautious *proviſo*, "if it be true." But this he does in a manner ſo very unphiloſophical, as clearly ſhews, either that natural inquiries have not made a great part of the Doctor's ſtudies, or that his genius is not much adapted to ſuch nice reſearches. Every man has his peculiar gift from nature; and to compile vocabularies, or compound *hard* words, ſeems to be the taſk which ſhe has allotted for our traveller. He ought therefore to confine himſelf

himſelf to his proper province, remembering the maxim,—*ne ſutor ultra crepidam.*

In Glenmoriſon, the Doctor ſeems ſurpriſed, that the innkeeper's daughter ſhewed no ſort of embarraſſment in his preſence. So, indeed, are moſt others who have read that paſſage, as ſhe certainly had never ſeen "*his like*" before. But the little *gipſy*, it ſeems, was not to be moved by the *elegance* of his figure, the *ſoftneſs* of his addreſs, or the *ſplendour* of his reputation. She was ſaucy enough to appear perfect miſtreſs of herſelf, without betraying the leaſt mark of diffidence, confuſion, or the *melting* power of love.

At this place he takes care to refreſh our memory with his bounty to the ſoldiers, whom he paſſed on the road, and who came to the ſame inn to ſpend the evening. One would be tempted to think, that acts of generoſity are but rare things with the

Doctor, when he dwells ſo oſtentatiouſly on this trifling piece of liberality.

In page 58, he diſcovers what ſeems to have been one of his motives for undertaking his journey, namely, an inclination to diſſuade all ſuch ſtrangers as would be directed by him from ever viſiting Scotland, as being altogether unworthy of the attention of the curious. In proof of this he ſays, "that uniformity of barrenneſs can afford little amuſement to the traveller; that it is eaſy to ſit at home and conceive rocks, and heath, and waterfalls; and that theſe journeys are uſeleſs labours, which neither impregnate the imagination nor enlarge the underſtanding."

If rocks, heath, and waterfalls conſtitute uniformity, I ſhould be glad to learn from the Doctor wherein variety conſiſts? As to his reaſoning in the above paſſage, he ſaves me the trouble of a refutation, by having

immediately after refuted himſelf. After the eaſy mode of information which he had propoſed, viz. by ſitting at home and conceiving what we pleaſed, who would expect to hear him, in the ſame page, expreſs himſelf as follows? "But theſe ideas are always incomplete, and, till we have compared them with realities, we do not know them to be juſt. As we ſee more, we become poſſeſſed of more certainties, and conſequently gain more principles of reaſoning, and found a wider baſis of analogy. Regions mountainous and wild, thinly inhabited, and little cultivated, make a great part of the earth; and he that has never ſeen them, muſt live unacquainted with much of the face of nature, and with one of the great ſcenes of human exiſtence." Let the reader now judge of the conſiſtency between this language and what he had before aſſerted,—"that theſe journies are uſeleſs labours, which neither

impregnate the imagination nor enlarge the underſtanding."

We have oftener than once ſeen the Doctor in the ſame aukward ſituation, ſaying and unſaying in the ſame breath. Who but himſelf would not have drawn his pen through the former lines, after adding the latter? But he ſeems to be above cancelling any thing he has once ſet down; otherwiſe he is too indolent to give himſelf the trouble of correction.

After endeavouring to impreſs the mind of his reader with the wildneſs of the hills of Glenmoriſon, he ſeems afraid of having ſaid too much, and making the country appear too remarkable, even by allowing it to be ſo very mountainous. He therefore inſtantly ſweeps away this negative compliment by aſking,—" yet what are theſe hillocks to the ridges of Taurus, or theſe ſpots of wildneſs to the deſarts of

America?" This churliſh author will not allow us to excel even in wildneſs.

It was in theſe hills, while ſitting on a bank to let the horſes reſt, about the middle of the day, that the Doctor tells us he "firſt conceived the thought of his narration." Should we pay his veracity the compliment of believing this to be true, we muſt certainly allow him to be endowed with a retentive memory. There are ſo many *minutiæ* in the preceding part of *his narration*, that it is ſurpriſing they could occur without the aſſiſtance of ſome previous *memorandums*; and yet we can ſee no reaſon for his being at that trouble, before he had conceived the thought of making uſe of them.

Speaking ſtill of the ſame ſpot, he ſays; "We were in this place at eaſe and by choice, and had no evils to ſuffer or to fear." If this was really ſo, how can he

ſay

ſay afterwards, page 98, that the Highlanders live by theft and robbery? It was certainly very bold in the Doctor to fear nothing, in the midſt of their wildeſt mountains, if the character he gives the inhabitants be juſt. But, indeed, it is not eaſy for any reader, who is unacquainted with the country, to form any conſiſtent idea of the people from Dr. *Johnſon*'s vague and contradictory accounts of them.

Pages 98, 99, he ſays, that "thirty years ago no herd had ever been conducted through the mountains, without paying tribute in the night to ſome of the clans." This, however, is a groſs miſrepreſentation. There are many people ſtill living, who drove hundreds of cattle through the mountains long before that period, and never once paid the tribute he mentions. Here, therefore, we may retort upon himſelf the ſubſtance of a *ſage* obſervation, which, in page 63, he applies to the High-

landers concerning the freezing of *Loch Neſs*; and that is, that accuracy of narration is not very common with him, and that he is ſeldom ſo rigidly philoſophical as not to repreſent as conſtant, what is ſometimes only caſual.

He acknowledges, page 100, that "the different clans were unconnected with the general ſyſtem, and accuſtomed to reverence only their own lords." If this really was ſo, their quarrels with their neighbours, and the mutual injuries reſulting from them, are to be explained on the ſame liberal principles as thoſe which daily happen between the moſt independent ſtates. The rule of morality is the ſame in both caſes; and injury always juſtifies retaliation, whether we ſpeak of the Highland clans, or of larger communities.

Under the ſame head, in ſpeaking of the power of the chiefs, he ſays, "thoſe who had

had thus the diſpenſation of law, were by conſequence themſelves lawleſs. Their vaſſals had no ſhelter from outrages or oppreſſions; but were condemned to endure, without reſiſtance, the caprice of wantonneſs, and the rage of cruelty." Here the Doctor betrays his total ignorance of the ancient law of chieftainry. The chiefs, or diſpenſers of laws, as he calls them, knew their own intereſt much better than ever to think of adopting the Doctor's tyrannical plan. They were under a neceſſity of acting in a much more humane and mild manner towards their clans, or people, as they knew that their own ſecurity and importance depended on their attachment; and that, without that, their power and influence would be nothing. Even he himſelf confeſſes, page 195, "that the laird was the father of his clan." I leave it to himſelf to reconcile ſo glaring a contradiction; and to convince the

world, if he can, that a cruel *oppreſſor* and a kind *father* are one and the ſame thing.

In page 109 he mentions an old anecdote, which, he ſays, he was told at Sir Alexander Macdonald's table, and which relates to a very barbarous effect of the feuds between two of the clans, if in reality ſuch an event ever exiſted; though, at the ſame time, we are not to ſuppoſe that the ſame ſpirit of revenge, in thoſe remote and leſs poliſhed times, was peculiar to the Highlands. But be that as it may, he takes occaſion to make the following remark: "Narrations like this," ſays he, "however uncertain, deſerve the notice of a traveller, becauſe they are the only records of a nation that has no hiſtorians, and afford the moſt genuine repreſentation of the life and character of the ancient Highlanders."

Here

Here it is obſervable, that the Doctor admits the teſtimony of Highlanders, becauſe, in his opinion, it makes againſt their country. But had the matter been in their favour, he would neither have recorded nor believed it.

It may, perhaps, be true, that Highlanders in general have been too negligent in committing to writing what related to their country. In remote ages, they truſted too much to their *Bards* and *Seannachies*, as other nations then did. What they wrote at *Iona* and elſewhere, on that and other ſubjects, was deſtroyed by various accidents. Hiſtorians affirm, that *Iona* ſuffered ſix different devaſtations in the tenth century alone. What eſcaped thoſe ravages was carried away either by that *generous* friend to learning and the Scots nation, Edward the Firſt, in the ſame ſpirit of meekneſs in which he butchered the *Welch Bards*, or afterwards by Oliver Cromwell,

Cromwell, and other ſcourges and deſtroyers of antiquities, who wanted to aboliſh every monument of the ancient independence of this nation; or, laſtly, by our own prieſts at the time of the Reformation.

Every thing relating to the Highlands, in particular, has met with many diſcouragements of late years. This, no doubt, has occaſioned many other valuable vouchers to be buried in an oblivion, from which, in all probability, we ſhall never be able to recover them.

The Doctor is egregiouſly miſtaken when he ſays that the Highlanders have no particular hiſtorians. It ſeems he has never heard of *Macaulay*, the two *Macphersons*, *Martin*, the *Dean* of the Iſles, &c. It is to the hiſtorical and other *ſuperior* merits of ſome of theſe gentlemen, that their country is indebted for ſo much of the Doctor's *critical* regard. Had they never

never written ſo well, he had never been ſo ſcurrilous. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ! Buchanan* too was a Highlander; as was likewiſe *St. Ninian*, who was born in Galloway, then an Highland country; and *St. Patrick* was born near Dunbarton.

His obſervations in the four following pages are of ſo extraordinary a nature, and furniſh ſuch unequivocal proofs of his rancour and malevolence, that I ſhall give them at full length.

Pages 110, 111, 112, 113.—"My inquiries about brogues gave me an early ſpecimen of Highland information. One day I was told, that to make brogues was a domeſtic art, which every man practiſed for himſelf, and that a pair of brogues was the work of an hour. I ſuppoſed that the huſband made brogues as the wife made an apron, till next day it was told me, that a brogue-maker was a trade, and that a pair

a pair would coſt half a crown. It will eaſily occur, that theſe repreſentations may both be true, and that in ſome places men may buy them, and in others make them for themſelves; but I had both the accounts in the ſame houſe within two days.

" Many of my ſubſequent inquiries upon more intereſting topics ended in the like uncertainty. He that travels in the Highlands may eaſily ſaturate his ſoul with intelligence, if he will acquieſce in the firſt account. The Highlander gives to every queſtion an anſwer ſo prompt and peremptory, that ſcepticiſm itſelf is dared into ſilence, and the mind ſinks before the bold reporter in unreſiſting credulity; but if a ſecond queſtion is ventured, it breaks the enchantment; for it is immediately diſcovered, that what was told ſo confidently was told at hazard, and that ſuch fearleſſneſs of aſſertion was either the ſport

of

of negligence, or the refuge of ignorance.

" If individuals are thus at variance with themſelves, it can be no wonder that the accounts of different men are contradictory. The traditions of an ignorant and ſavage people have been for ages negligently heard, and unſkilfully related. Diſtant events muſt have been mingled together, and the actions of one man given to another. Theſe, however, are deficiencies in ſtory, for which no man is now to be cenſured. It were enough, if what there is yet opportunity of examining were accurately inſpected, and juſtly repreſented; but ſuch is the laxity of Highland converſation, that the enquirer is kept in continual ſuſpenſe, and, by a kind of intellectual retrogradation, knows leſs as he hears more."

In this *learned* harangue on the *important* ſubject of *brogue-making*, the Doctor makes a *double*

a *double diſcovery*. Firſt, he ſhews, that two different accounts may be given of the ſame thing, and yet both may be true. In the next place, he proves, after making this acknowledgment, that the ſubſequent part of his criticiſm has no object; and, conſequently, that it is as nugatory in itſelf as his concluſions are falſe and improbable. To make a ſilly ſtory about the art of brogue-making the teſt of national candour and ſincerity, is too ridiculous for any pen but that of Dr. *Johnſon*.

It is true, in order to account, in ſome meaſure, for his going *beyond his laſt*, he tells us, that many of his ſubſequent inquiries upon more intereſting topics ended in the like uncertainty. It were well if he had mentioned what theſe intereſting topics were, to whom his inquiries were addreſſed, and what anſwers he received. A knowledge of theſe circumſtances would enable us to decide more certainly on the merits

of

of his ſucceeding remarks. The Doctor, leſs anxious, perhaps, to "ſaturate his ſoul with intelligence," than to ſatiate his prejudices againſt Scotland with the means of miſrepreſentation, might have adopted ſuch a mode of inquiry as would beſt anſwer his purpoſe.

He might, for inſtance, queſtion one of his *brogue-makers* concerning ſome nice point of antiquity, to which the poor fellow could make but a very imperfect anſwer. The next *taylor* he met with might vary, in ſome circumſtances, from the former; and a third perſon, not better informed than either of them, might differ a little from both. What then? Is there any thing ſurpriſing or uncommon in all this? Or can ſuch a variation in the accounts of illiterate mechanics juſtify the Doctor's general inference, "that there can be no reliance upon Highland narration?"

Should

Should there remain the leaſt doubt upon this head, let me ſuppoſe, for argument's ſake, that I am making a ſimilar tour through ſome parts of England. In the courſe of my travels, I ſee the ruins of ſome old abby, or, as the Doctor would more *elegantly* expreſs it, the " dilapidated remains of ancient ſanctity." I wiſh to know ſomething of its hiſtory, and accoſt the firſt labourer I find in the neighbouring fields to obtain information: he gives me very honeſtly, no doubt, ſome confuſed *ſcraps* of what he had heard concerning it; but his ſtory is full of perplexity, and ſeveral parts of it differ conſiderably from others. I then inquire of one after another, but with little better ſucceſs. At length, tired with the deficiencies and contradictions of former accounts, I apply to the 'Squire and Parſon of the pariſh; hoping, from men of their more enlarged notions, to have my curioſity fully ſatisfied. Their tales are more plauſible,

plauſible, but ſtill defective, and differ, in ſeveral particulars, from each other. I find myſelf, therefore, obliged to ſit down in the dark, and go in ſearch of other objects of curioſity ſomewhere elſe. But, wherever I go, I often meet with the ſame diſappointments.

That this might ſometimes be the fate of a traveller in England, or, indeed, in any other country, none, I believe, will pretend to doubt. Were I, therefore, inclined to revenge my fruſtrated inquiries, by making uſe of the Doctor's *illiberal* pencil, it would be eaſy to delineate the Engliſh character in the ſame unfavourable colours. I am ſure, in doing ſo, I ſhould do the people of that country much injuſtice; but I ſhould have exactly the ſame reaſons for charging them, in the lump, with ignorance and a diſregard to truth. Becauſe every man I met with could not anſwer every queſtion I choſe to put to

him, I might pronounce them all a nation of blockheads. And becauſe different men differed a little ſometimes in their *relations* of facts, I might ſay, with the ſame peremptory aſſurance as hath been ſaid by our Author above, that "ſuch is the laxity of Engliſh converſation, that the inquirer is kept in continual ſuſpenſe, and, by a kind of intellectual retrogradation, knows leſs as he hears more."

Beſides, it deſerves to be conſidered, that many of thoſe whom the Doctor thought proper to interrogate, might not have Engliſh enough to underſtand his queſtions, or return diſtinct anſwers; that others might not be competent judges of the ſubjects propoſed to them, and conſequently might give defective or erroneous accounts, from a too forward zeal to oblige a ſtranger as far as they were able; and, likewiſe, that, even among the higher and more intelligent ranks of people, it was

weak

weak and abſurd to expect an uniformity of narration. Men, according to their opportunities, derive their knowledge from different ſources. Authors themſelves are not always agreed in their communications upon the ſame topics. We cannot therefore ſuppoſe that their readers will think alike.

A judicious author would have attended to theſe things, to avoid the imputation of malice or folly to himſelf. When a man attempts to traduce a whole people, he ought to ſtand upon firm ground. But here, amidſt a number of bold aſſertions, there is not a ſingle fact produced, which will not apply to any ſpot on the face of the earth, as well as to the Highlands of Scotland. By endeavouring to prove too much, therefore, the Doctor proves nothing; as ſuch indiſcriminate abuſe can never obtain credit, even with the moſt credulous. The exceſs of his rancour has

effectually defeated its own purpoſe; and he is literally in the ſituation of thoſe reptiles, which, as naturaliſts tell us, are ſometimes poiſoned by their own ſtings.

As the Doctor acknowledges he was every where hoſpitably received by the Highlanders, let the world judge of the man, by this ſample of his gratitude for their civilities. To ſearch for information among the lower orders of the people, to tamper with their ſimplicity, to lie in wait for their anſwers, and catch at every trifling incoherence in their diſcourſe, was, beyond deſcription, mean and ungenerous. But to do all this with the inſidious purpoſe of retailing *their* crude opinions to the public, as the ſtandard of all Highland learning and ſcience, is a ſpecies of literary aſſaſſination, with which the world was not acquainted before the Doctor publiſhed his Journey.

There

There is one excuſe, however, for this part of our Author's conduct, and that is, that it was unavoidable. He had one favourite purpoſe to ſerve, of which I ſhall take notice in its proper place; and to pave the way for that, it was neceſſary to diſcredit all Highland narration. When the Doctor has an object in view, nothing muſt ſtand in his way; he goes on with giant ſtrides. Probability, truth, and decorum muſt yield to his ſtubborn reſolution, and all be ſacrificed to his inſolence, caprice, or diſguſt. When his prejudices operate, we look in vain for thoſe reſtraints, either from ſhame or virtue, which regulate the writings of others. He can be abſurd without a bluſh, and unjuſt without remorſe.

Before I diſmiſs this article, I will juſt take notice of, what one would leaſt expect, an inaccuracy in the Doctor's language. In the paſſage laſt quoted, he ſays he was

told, "that a brogue-maker was a trade." He certainly meant to have ſaid, that *brogue-making* was a *trade*. This, however, is but a trifling ſlip of his pen, and the mere effect of inadvertency; nor do I mention it with any deſign to make it an object of criticiſm. I wiſh the ſame *innocent* careleſſneſs could be pleaded for more material miſtakes.

Page 113, in ſpeaking of the *garb act*, he ſays, "The ſame poverty that made it then difficult for them to change their clothing, hinders them now from changing it again." The truth is, however, that an attachment to their ancient garb made the firſt change diſagreeable, and not willingly complied with; and a ſecond change, at the time alluded to, was ſtill prevented by a Britiſh act of parliament, which the Doctor ſeems willing to overlook, that he might have an opportunity, according to his uſual candour, of aſſigning

aſſigning a more *favourable* reaſon of his own.

Page 116, he ſays, "The ſummer can do little more than feed itſelf, and winter comes with its cold and its ſcarcity upon families very ſlenderly provided." As the Doctor never ſpent a winter in the *Hebrides*, it is ſomewhat extraordinary, how he ſhould pretend to know ſo much of the diſtreſſes of that ſeaſon. But thoſe who have paſſed what he calls *the dark months* in thoſe parts, could tell a very different tale. A particular proviſion muſt be made for the winter every where; and that, together with what the ſummer can ſpare, and which greatly exceeds what the Doctor would inſinuate, makes the ſhort days, in the *Hebrides*, as comfortable as any part of the year.

In the ſame page he proceeds to obſerve, "It is incredible how ſoon the account

of any event is propagated in theſe narrow countries by the love of talk, which much leiſure produces, and the relief given to the mind, in the penury of inſular converſation, by a new topic. The arrival of ſtrangers at a place ſo rarely viſited, excites rumour, and quickens curioſity. I know not whether we touched at any corner where fame had not already prepared us a reception." Here it is to be obſerved, that the hoſpitality and civility, which have been univerſally allowed to predominate among Highlanders, ſince the firſt accounts we have had of them, are excluded from any ſhare in their deſire of ſeeing ſtrangers. He ſays, curioſity was their chief motive. This may paſs well enough with the ſuperficial; but with more obſervant readers it will not do, as he unluckily tells us, in page 238, that the ſame people are *totally void of curioſity.*

Page 120, he ſays, "There are no houſes in the iſlands where travellers are entertained for money." This, I ſuppoſe, he would reckon no great diſappointment. He had occaſion to expend but very little money in Scotland; and that *little* he always mentions with regret. But did he inquire for inns at Broad-ford, Port-ree, or Dunvegan? I apprehend not. He knew he might have found them there; and ſo he did not chuſe to hazard the queſtion, as he wiſhed to have an apology for living in a more *private* and leſs *expenſive* manner. With his uſual inconſiſtency, however, he acknowledges, in page 151, that he dined at a public-houſe.

Page 128, he tells us, that "the military ardour of the Highlanders is extinguiſhed." I ſhould be glad to know upon what the Doctor founds this aſſertion. The contrary is ſo univerſally acknowledged, that few of his own countrymen, I believe,

I believe, will allow it to be juſt. The laſt war bears ample teſtimony to their valour, and proves that they ſtill retain the ſpirit of their anceſtors. The ſucceſſes of that glorious period have been aſcribed, in a great meaſure, to their bravery. Prince *Ferdinand* has diſtinguiſhed them by public thanks in the field. Every other General under whom they ſerved has been laviſh in *encomiums* on their courage, and the uncommon intrepidity of their behaviour. The *Britiſh* ſenate itſelf has recorded their praiſes. And in particular the panegyric of Mr. *Pitt*, ſpoken in the Houſe of Commons a little before he was created Earl of *Chatham*, is a monument to their military fame, which defies the impudent but feeble attacks of a *pedant*'s envy and malice.

In the ſame page he ſays, " Of what the Highlanders had before the late conqueſt of their country, there remain only their language and their poverty." What he here dignifies

dignifies with the name of conqueſt, is the defeat of a few rebels at Culloden. Becauſe an handful of malcontents, who had taken up arms, were routed and diſperſed, is the Doctor hardy enough to call *that* a national conqueſt? The general loyalty of the Scotch, at that time, rendered a general conqueſt as unneceſſary as a general reſiſtance would have rendered it impracticable. But this is much of a piece with his *Cromwellian* conqueſt, which has been already diſproved. It is truly pitiable to find a man of his years, and reputed erudition, ſo blinded by prejudice, as gravely to advance for facts what the moſt illiterate cannot believe, and every ſchool-boy could confute.

He takes every opportunity to inculcate the poverty of the Scotch. This ſeems to be a *rich* topic to him; and, without it, I know not how he could have eked out his work. It is ſo often obtruded upon the reader,

reader, and that too when he would leaſt expect it, that one muſt naturally think there was a want of other matter. When, therefore, he labours moſt to prove *their* poverty as a people, he infallibly proves his *own* as an author, at the ſame time.

He introduces this ſubject very unneceſſarily, as uſual, in the laſt quotation. I ſhall juſt contraſt what he ſays there with ſome other paſſages from himſelf, and leave the reader to draw his own inference. At the bottom of page 121, and the beginning of page 122, he ſays, "He that ſhall complain of his fare in the *Hebrides*, has improved his delicacy more than his manhood."—In page 124, "The breakfaſt is a meal in which the Scots, whether of the Lowlands or mountains, muſt be confeſſed to excel us. The tea and coffee are accompanied not only with butter, but with honey, conſerves, and marmalades. If an epicure could remove by a wiſh, in

queſt

queſt of ſenſual gratifications, wherever he had ſupped he would breakfaſt in Scotland."—Page 125, " A dinner in the Weſtern Iſlands differs very little from a dinner in England."

Here we have the moſt undoubted proofs not only of plenty, but of elegance. What now is become of that *poverty* into which the Doctor had ſo *unmercifully* plunged us but a little ago? His charity has at length prevailed; and the ſame hand that had ſunk us ſo low, has raiſed us at once to affluence. When a man is ſo much at variance with himſelf, the leaſt we can ſay is, that his teſtimony can have but little effect. But, as I have promiſed, I will not take up time in pointing out inconſiſtencies, which cannot eſcape the moſt careleſs obſerver.

Page 129, he ſays, " A longer journey than to the Highlands muſt be taken by

him whoſe curioſity pants for ſavage virtues and barbarous grandeur." As the Doctor, in many places before, had ſo liberally beſtowed the epithets *rude*, *ſavage*, and *barbarous* upon the Highlanders, one would think, from the ſoftening ſtrain of this paſſage, that our traveller, after a more intimate acquaintance with them, had found reaſon to alter his ſtyle, and conſequently that there would be a truce with *ſcurrilities* for the future. But many of the following pages will ſhew, that there is no ſuch reformation in the Doctor's language. This is but a ſhort ſuſpenſion, not an entire ceſſation, of obloquy and abuſe. He only elevates a little, to make the fall the greater; and *his* compliments, like the tears of the *crocodile*, are but a deceitful prelude to an approaching ſacrifice.

Page 151, our traveller comes to *Dunvegan*, where, he ſays, he was agreeably entertained by Lady *Macleod*, "who had reſided

reſided many years in England, and knew all the arts of ſouthern elegance, and all the modes of Engliſh œconomy." This manner of accounting for the goodneſs of his reception is, at beſt, but a bad compliment to that lady, as *Old England* is made to run away with more than half the praiſe.

But there is ſomething as nationally *invidious* in the above remark, as it is indelicate to Lady *Macleod*. It certainly is intended to inſinuate, that he had found the bulk of our *Scotch-bred* ladies deficient in point of accompliſhments. If he did not mean thus much, I ſhould be glad to know what he meant by ſo improper an introduction of a *long reſidence in England*, to ſet off Lady *Macleod*'s character. Had he already forgot the ladies of *Raaſay*, whom he had left but a day or two before, and whom he often mentions in a manner that ſeems to render a *reſidence in England* nowiſe

nowiſe neceſſary for attaining all the arts of elegance, and the modes of a perfect œconomy? But his own words will make the beſt comment upon this ſubject. In finiſhing his deſcription of *Raaſay*, he ſays, page 149, "Such a ſeat of hoſpitality, amidſt the winds and waters, fills the imagination with a delightful contrariety of images. Without is the rough ocean and the rocky land, the beating billows and the howling ſtorm; within is plenty and elegance, beauty and gaiety, the ſong and the dance."

Page 154, "A Highland laird," he ſays, "made a trial of his wife for a certain time, and if ſhe did not pleaſe him, he was then at liberty to ſend her away." As there never was a law in Scotland authoriſing ſuch a cuſtom, the Doctor ſhould have told us where he had made this wonderful diſcovery. He gives one inſtance, indeed, of a gentleman ſending back

back his wife to her friends; and moſt other countries, I believe, could furniſh many; but the bad conſequences of the feud occaſioned, on this account, between the two different clans, even as related by himſelf, is ſufficient to prove, that the practice could never have been common. There is ſuch an *unfortunate contrariety* in moſt of the Doctor's narratives, that he generally furniſhes an antidote againſt the poiſon which he means to communicate.

Page 155, he talks of people "lying dead by families as they ſtood." *Lying* as they *ſtood* is a mode of expreſſion which none but a *Lexicographer*, who can give to words what meaning he pleaſes, would venture to put upon paper. It would appear, from this accurate phraſe, as if the Doctor intended to enrich the *Engliſh* language by ſupplies from the *Iriſh* eſtabliſhment.

From an anxiety to annihilate, if poſſible, every veſtige of antiquity in the Highlands, he is at much pains, in pages 160, 161, 162, to explain away a *Dun*, or Daniſh fort, of which there are many in the country, into a fence for ſecuring cattle from thieves. This attempt is the more chimerical and abſurd, as it cannot be conceived how ſo ſmall an area, though much larger than he makes it, could contain ſuch a number of cattle as would compenſate the trouble of rearing it; and which, according to his own account of the matter, muſt have been very great.

The dimenſions of this building, as ſtated by Dr. *Johnſon*, are very erroneous. He ſays the area is but forty-two feet in diameter, and the height of the wall only about nine; but the fact is, that the former is ſeventy-two feet, and the latter about fifteen and upwards. So ſmall a ſpace, at beſt, could not have anſwered the purpoſe

aſſigned

aſſigned to it by the Doctor; but, according to his own meaſure, it would have been altogether uſeleſs. In thoſe paſtoral times, it could not contain the cattle of a ſingle individual, who was of conſequence enough to raiſe ſuch a fabric; much leſs could it afford ſhelter for the ſtock of a whole clan, or a country.

The height is another argument againſt the Doctor's hypotheſis. Even the nine feet, which he allows, were by far too much for a mere *fence from thieves*; as the half of that would have been fully ſufficient. He is apt enough, at other times, to accuſe the Highlanders of lazineſs and poverty. How, then, will he be able to account for ſo great a ſuperfluity of labour and expence, when, inſtead of nine feet, the height is, at leaſt, fifteen? A direct anſwer to this queſtion muſt *puzzle* even Dr. *Johnſon*; and it would certainly put any other man, in the ſame ſituation,

to ſomething more than a difficulty—it would put him to the bluſh.

" The walls," he ſays, " are very thick." This likewiſe is againſt him, as a moderate degree of thickneſs would have been ſufficient to reſiſt the ſudden incurſions of freebooters. They never carried any levelling inſtruments, and they generally remained too ſhort a time to overcome the ſtrength of *very thick walls* by manual force alone.

Another, and perhaps not the leaſt forcible objection to our Author's *idea*, is, that he tells us, " within the great circle were ſeveral ſmaller rounds of wall, which formed diſtinct apartments." *Ingenuity* itſelf muſt be at a loſs to conceive how ſuch a contrivance as this could have been deviſed for the more convenient ſtowage of cattle. But Dr. *Johnſon* ſaves his reader the trouble of thinking long about the

matter, and ſolves the difficulty by ſaying, that theſe interior apartments "were probably the ſhelters of the keepers." This, I think, ſettles the point at once. For, if the whole of the great circle is ſubdivided into a number of ſmaller chambers, which were occupied by the keepers, it is evident there could be no room for the cattle. The Doctor has with one ſtroke of his pen overturned his own ſyſtem, and clearly proved againſt himſelf, that the *Duns*, or *Towers*, ſo frequent in the iſlands, were intended as ſhelters for *men*, and *not* for beaſts.

Had he acquieſced in the natural account of this matter, which, he ſays, was given him by Mr. Macqueen, it would have ſaved him all the trouble of framing an opinion of his own, as well as the *ridicule* of being at length obliged to abandon it as untenable.

The antiquity of thoſe buildings cannot be exactly known; but it is highly probable

that they are of *Daniſh* origin. They might have been uſed partly as fortreſſes, and partly as ſignal-houſes, from which the *gok-man*, which in the Daniſh language ſignifies a *ſignal-man*, generally gave the alarm, and announced the approach of ſtrangers either by ſea or land.

Page 170, he ſays, the ſeas are commonly too rough in winter for nets, or boats, ſo that the inhabitants cannot fiſh. This aſſertion ſeems the more extraordinary, as he had ſaid before, page 156, that while he was in the *Hebrides*, though the wind was extremely turbulent, he had never ſeen very high billows. Here, however, he had an hypotheſis to ſupport. He wanted to have another *ſtroke* at the poverty of the inhabitants; and therefore he found it neceſſary to make the ſea ſtormy, that by depriving them of fiſh he might create a famine, as he flatly ſays, that other proviſion fails at that ſeaſon. When the *good* Doctor has a point

point of this nature to carry, he laughs at the reſtrictions of conſiſtency and common ſenſe.

Page 175, we find the Doctor at *Oſtig* in *Sky*, where he was hoſpitably entertained for ſome days by Mr. *Martin Macpherſon*, miniſter of *Slate*, and ſon to the late reverend and learned Dr. *John Macpherſon*, formerly miniſter of the ſame pariſh.

As our traveller was now upon the ſpot where Dr. *Macpherſon* had ſo long reſided, and where he had ſo ſucceſsfully employed his talents as a writer, one might naturally expect that he would have taken ſome opportunity of mentioning ſo diſtinguiſhed a character with reſpect. By ſuch a tribute to the memory of the father, he would have repaid the hoſpitality of the ſon in the moſt agreeable manner; while, at the ſame time, by doing juſtice to another's merit, he would have given a generous

proof of his own candour and impartiality.

But, instead of that, the Doctor chuses to be silent; and we hear not a single word of Dr. *Macpherson* or his writings. This must certainly be owing to one or other of these causes, or to both; either to the jealousy of a little mind, which is incapable of conferring praise; or to our traveller's unwillingness to inform the public, that an author of such eminent abilities was a native of the Highlands.

Among other things, Dr. *Macpherson* had written professedly, and in a masterly manner, on the antiquities of his country: not from that tradition, which Dr. *Johnson* explodes, but, to use one of our traveller's expressions, from the "uncontaminated fountains of Greek and Roman literature." Where tradition completed the figure, of which the ancients drew the outlines,

outlines, Dr. *Macpherſon* paid it that attention which it claims from writers whoſe object is truth; where it differed from inconteſtible authorities, he rejected it with proper contempt.

But it was not convenient for Dr. *Johnſon*'s plan to mention even the name of a native of the Highlands, whoſe knowledge as a ſcholar, and elegance as an author, reflected ſo much honour on his country. As our dogmatical journaliſt wiſhed to draw a veil over the hiſtory of our country, as well as over the genius of our countrymen, it would have been a ſpecies of *literary ſuicide* to have taken any notice of a writer whoſe induſtry and talents have placed the exiſtence and truth of *both* beyond diſpute. The directing his readers to Dr. *Macpherſon*'s works, would infallibly pull down the fabulous fabric which Dr. *Johnſon* intended to raiſe; and we muſt, therefore, commend his prudence,

whilſt

whilſt we exclude him from every pretence to candour.

Let me, therefore, tell the Doctor, that he would have done much greater juſtice to the public, as well as to Scotland, if, inſtead of truſting to his own *ingenuity* in many things, he had related the opinions of Dr. *Macpherſon* and others. A few anecdotes from thoſe authors would have been full as valuable to the purchaſers of his book, as telling them, *that, one day, Mr. Boſwell borrowed a boy's fiſhing-rod and caught a cuddy*; with a thouſand other impertinent trifles of the ſame nature.

Page 183, in ſpeaking of minerals, he ſays, "Common *ores* would be here of no great value; for what requires to be ſeparated by fire muſt, if it were found, be carried away in its mineral ſtate, here being no fuel for the ſmelting-houſe or forge."

forge." If this be true, how happens it that ſeveral Engliſh companies come to different parts of the *Weſt* coaſt for charcoal, and bring *ore* all the way from England to be there ſmelted? Beſides, it is well known that there is pit-coal in *Mull*; and, I am told, it is likewiſe to be had in one or more of the other iſlands.

Immediately after, he adds, "Perhaps, by diligent ſearch in this world of ſtone, ſome valuable ſpecies of marble might be diſcovered. But neither philoſophical curioſity nor commercial induſtry have yet fixed their abode here." Had our doughty *itinerant* himſelf carried any reaſonable ſhare of "philoſophical curioſity" along with him, he might have obſerved abundance of white marble near *Corichattachan*, where he acknowledges he had been twice.

Page 186, he ſays, "The cattle go from the iſlands very lean, and are not offered

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to the butcher till they have been long fatted in Engliſh paſtures." The cattle that are ſent from the iſlands are not generally ſo *very lean* when they ſet out, but they naturally become ſo before they are driven ſix or ſeven hundred miles. Were the fatteſt bullocks in England to travel in the ſame manner to the iſlands, they would probably not be very fit for being offered to the butcher when they arrived there. If the Doctor doubts the fact, let him drive a *live* ſtock before him, when he ſets out on his next journey, and I will be anſwerable for the conſequence.

Page 204, "The inhabitants," ſays he, "were for a long time perhaps not unhappy; but their content was a muddy mixture of pride and ignorance, an indifference for pleaſures which they did not know, a blind veneration for their chiefs, and a ſtrong conviction of their own importance." It may with more truth be ſaid,

ſaid, that this obſervation is a *muddy mixture* of a ſtill leſs *honourable pride* and more *contemptible ignorance*; a total *indifference for truth,* if the contrary can but ſerve the turn; a *blind prejudice* againſt the whole *Scottiſh* nation; and a *ſtrong conviction* in the Author's own mind, that he has here, as on many other occaſions, moſt infamouſly and groſsly *miſrepreſented* them.

As to our *pride*, he ſays in the following page, " Their pride has been cruſhed by the heavy hand of a vindictive conqueror." This is another retroſpect to the year 1745. If ever the ſaying, that " *old men are twice children*," was verified by example, it is certainly on the preſent occaſion. The peeviſh veteran has once taken it into his head to ſay, that the Scotch were then conquered, and he muſt be allowed to ſay ſo ſtill, or there can be no peace with him. He therefore diverts himſelf with ſounding the horn of victory, as

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an overgrown *lubberly* boy would be pleaſed with the noiſe of his *rattle*, or the blowing of his *whiſtle*.

I have already endeavoured to place this matter in its proper light. I ſhall now borrow a little of the Doctor's own aſſiſtance to ſtrengthen my arguments. Page 207, he ſays, "To diſarm part of the Highlands, could give no reaſonable occaſion of complaint. Every government muſt be allowed the power of taking away the weapon that is lifted againſt it. But the loyal clans murmured, with ſome appearance of juſtice, that, after having defended the king, they were forbidden for the future to defend themſelves; and that the ſword ſhould be forfeited, which had been legally employed. Their caſe is undoubtedly hard," &c.

Whoever reads this paſſage will require little further proof, that the *idea* of a national

national conqueſt is moſt abſurd, and that the Doctor himſelf has furniſhed a deciſive argument againſt it. After this conceſſion, could any one expect to hear him ſay in the very ſame page, " But the law, which followed the victory of Culloden, found the whole nation dejected and intimidated?" He tells us in one place, that there were loyal clans, and that they defended the king. What occaſion then had the whole nation to be *dejected* and *intimidated*, unleſs we can ſuppoſe that near two millions of people, who were innocent, were to be involved in the guilt of a few thouſands? Such bare-faced contradictions are an anſwer to themſelves.

But let me tell the Doctor, that without the aſſiſtance of the loyal clans he mentions, the victory of Culloden had never been heard of. Had he known, or rather adverted to this, I am perſuaded he would have been at leſs pains to celebrate an event,

wherein

wherein the *Scotch* themſelves had more than an equal ſhare.

The rebellion of 1745 was only a partial inſurrection of a few diſcontented chiefs and their followers. Neither were thoſe gentlemen the heads of the moſt numerous clans; nor did the whole of their reſpective tribes attend them to the field. Only nine pariſhes in the Highlands contributed a part of their inhabitants towards furniſhing the rebel army. It would ſeem, however, that Dr. *Johnſon*'s fears, and probably the fears of thoſe about him at that time, had magnified the danger to a very high degree; and that may be one reaſon for his exalting the ſuppreſſion of an inconſiderable tumult into a *ſplendid* victory. If the Doctor is not aſhamed to confeſs his own panic, he ought not, for decency's ſake, to have expoſed *that* of his country.

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That the inſurgents met with little encouragement in Scotland, is evident. Their whole number amounted hardly to ſeven thouſand; and of theſe about two thouſand were *Engliſh*. That a much greater proportion of our ſouthern neighbours did not repair to the ſame ſtandard, was by no means owing to their poſſeſſing a greater ſhare of loyalty. The diſaffection of moſt of their leading men, and the meaſures they had concerted, are well known; they only waited for ſome favourable moment to declare their intentions; in which, it muſt be allowed, they ſhewed themſelves much more prudent, if leſs reſolute, than the Scotch.

He goes on to diſcuſs what he had aſſerted in page 204, as above quoted. Having "cruſhed our pride by the heavy hand of a vindictive conqueror," in the manner we have ſeen, he comes next to

expoſe rather than to commiſerate our ignorance.

Page 206, he ſays, " Their ignorance grows every day leſs, but their knowledge is yet of little other uſe than to ſhew them their wants." As to the firſt part of this *pompous* apophthegm, " that our ignorance grows every day leſs," I ſhall only obſerve, that if the ſame thing cannot be ſaid of our friends the Engliſh, they muſt be a much duller people than I ever took them for. In regard to the ſecond, he gives our knowledge its proper uſe. When people find out their wants, they will ſoon fall upon means to ſupply them. From the parade which accompanies this piece of intelligence, one would be apt, at firſt ſight, to expect a great deal from it; but, when we examine it more narrowly, we ſhall find it only informs us, that as our knowledge becomes greater, our ignorance grows leſs.

But

But to be a little more ſerious with the Doctor, let me aſk him, in what that ignorance conſiſted, which is ſo *miraculouſly* growing leſs, by our learning to know more?

He ſeems to connect it with what he calls "an indifference for pleaſures which we did not know." Does he mean the faſhionable pleaſures of the *Engliſh* metropolis? If he does, he has, at laſt, paid us no ſmall compliment. To make frequent vows at the ſhrine of the voluptuous goddeſs, is no great ſign of the wiſdom of any people. The puny ſize and meagre form which mark out her votaries, afford no great temptation to follow their example.

I would gladly hope, however, that Dr. *Johnſon* is not a ſerious advocate for intemperate pleaſures; as it would give me a much worſe opinion of his morals, at leaſt, than I would wiſh to entertain.

Though he has been a *Rambler* in his younger days, he would certainly cut a bad figure as an old *Rake*. To ſay no worſe, it would be ridiculous in the extreme to ſee ſuch an *aggregate* of unfaſhioned matter "tottering, with paralytic ſtride, after ſenſual gratifications, and awkwardly aſſuming the light airs of modern libertiniſm."

I have already given ſeveral proofs that the Scotch were not behind their neighbours, either in uſeful or ornamental improvements, many centuries ago. I will now mention ſome other circumſtances, to ſhew that the Doctor's charge of what he calls *ignorance* cannot apply to thoſe times. To give his aſſertion weight, therefore, he ought to have told us when this national misfortune commenced, and wherein it now conſiſts; for it muſt appear ſomewhat unaccountable, that the Scotch, who had once their full proportion of the improvements commonly known in Europe, ſhould

have

have made a retrograde motion, while other nations have been in a progreſſive ſtate.

As to the ſtate of learning among us, we have already ſeen how that matter ſtood in very early times. In particular, it has appeared from hiſtory, that St. *Aydan* and others were ſent from *Scotland*, in the ſeventh century, to inſtruct ſome of the Doctor's countrymen in the firſt principles of Chriſtianity. In ſucceeding times it muſt be allowed, that learning had conſiderably declined among our anceſtors; but, even in that reſpect, the Scotch had only their ſhare of the ſame *Gothic* cloud which, for a ſeaſon, darkened the face of all Europe. This misfortune was owing every where to the Roman Catholic clergy, with whom it was an eſtabliſhed maxim, that "*ignorance* was the *mother* of devotion." In mentioning the effect, therefore, the Doctor ſhould have aſſigned the

cauſe; but as that could not be done without a juſt cenſure on his favourite ſect, he chuſes to leave it behind the curtain. He takes ſuch frequent opportunities of extolling the piety of monks, prieſts, and cardinals, that the dulleſt of his readers may eaſily diſcover his attachment to their tenets.

In regard to ſuch arts and manufactures as were then commonly known over Europe, there are many proofs to ſhew, that they were anciently cultivated, not only in Scotland at large, but even in the *Hebrides*, in as great perfection as any where elſe. As to the iſlands in particular, I might venture to aſſert, that ſome ingenious arts, which were well underſtood by our forefathers, are now in a great meaſure loſt, from that change in our modes of life which time and circumſtances have introduced. This may appear a paradox to the Doctor, and perhaps to ſome others; but

I ſhould

I ſhould find no difficulty in proving it to be true, if ſuch a diſcuſſion ſhould appear to be neceſſary.

That a knowledge of the ſeveral arts muſt have been very generally diſſeminated over the Highlands, there can be no reaſon to doubt. It is well known that our kings reſided often in that part of their dominions, as at Dunſtaffnage, Dunmacſnichain, or Berigonium, Inverlochay, Inverneſs, and Logirate, &c. It is natural, therefore, to ſuppoſe, that they had at all thoſe places a number of artiſts of all kinds, becoming their ſtate and quality; and likewiſe, that the ſkill and knowledge of theſe men muſt neceſſarily be communicated to others. Several of the caſtles and magnificent palaces wherein the kings reſided are ſtill to be ſeen, though our traveller ſeems to have been determined to take no notice of them.

But though no king of Scotland had ever reſided in the Highlands, our ſeveral chieftains lived in all the ſtate of independent princes. Like the *feudal* lords of all other countries, they were often at variance with ſome of their neighbours; and that rendered it abſolutely neceſſary, that they ſhould be provided with the means of every ſpecies of accommodation, either for peace or war, within their own territories. This is another undeniable proof, that a very large proportion of the Highlanders muſt have been well ſkilled in the different arts.

There are yet many monuments of ancient maſonry among us, of different kinds, which greatly excel any thing of that nature in modern times. The curious hieroglyphics on ſome of our tombs deſerved particular notice, though Dr. *Johnſon* paſſes over them in ſilence. Among other things, the huge maſſes of ſtone ſet

up

up in druidical circles, particularly thoſe ſupported upon other ſtones for druidical altars, and the obeliſks erected in commemoration of battles, are demonſtrable proofs of our knowledge of *mechanics*.

Many monuments of this kind are ſtill to be ſeen, not only upon the continent or main-land of Scotland, but likewiſe in the iſlands; though many others, within the memory of ſome people ſtill living, have been deſtroyed to make way for the plough, or by other accidents. In particular, at *Inverliver* on the ſide of Lochete, at *Glencetlen* in Glenete, in different parts in *Iſla*, and at *Callanis* and *Barvas* in the iſland of Lewis, there are maſſes of ſuch enormous ſize and weight, as could not be raiſed by any number of men that could ſtand round them. *Clachan-an-Truiſeil* near Barvas, particularly, is from two to two and a half feet thick, ſix feet broad, and from ſeventeen to eighteen feet above ground.

As

As the ſtone ſtands in a *peat-moſs*, or bog, there can be no leſs than a third part of it under ground; and it is probable there may be more. There are no ſtones or quarry of the ſame kind nearer to it than the ſea-ſide, from which it ſtands about half a mile, on the aſcent of a ſteep hill, and having a deep bog between.

In the iſland called from *O'Chormaic*, on the coaſt of *Knapdale*, and I think on the north-eaſt ſide, there is a ſmall commodious harbour, a great part of which is ſurrounded with a wall or quay, extremely well built; and the foundation of it is ſo deep, that it cannot be ſeen even at low water. What is remarkable of this is, that it is ſo old that no one pretends to know, even by tradition, when or by whom it was built.

The *Fletchers* of Glenlyon, in Perthſhire, were the moſt famous *arrow-makers* of

of their time, ſo long as that weapon continued to be uſed.

The ſmelting and working of *iron* was well underſtood, and conſtantly practiſed, over all the Highlands and Iſlands for time immemorial. Inſtead of improving in that art, we have fallen off exceedingly of late years, and at preſent make little or none. Tradition bears, that they made it in the *blomary* way; that is, by laying it under the hammers, in order to make it malleable with the ſame heat that melted it in the furnace.

There is ſtill in the Highlands a clan of the name of *Mac Nuithear*, who are deſcended from thoſe founders, and have from thence derived their ſurname. I am likewiſe well informed, that there is in *Glenurchy*, in Argyleſhire, a family of the name of *Mac Nab*, who have lived in the ſame place, and have been a race of ſmiths,

from

from father to ſon, for more, perhaps, than three hundred years paſt; and who, in conſequence of the father having inſtructed the ſon, have carried down ſo much of their ancient art, that they excel all others in the country, in the way of their profeſſion; even thoſe taught in the ſouth of Scotland, as well as in England, not excepted. A tinker or ſmith of the name of *Mac Feadearan*, a tribe now almoſt extinct, was the moſt famous of his time for making arrow-heads.

It is certain that *Mac Donald* was formerly poſſeſſed of moſt of the *weſtern* iſles, as well as of ſeveral large diſtricts upon the continent or main-land. He had many places of reſidence, ſuch as *Ardtoriniſh*, &c.; but the moſt common one was in an iſland in Lochfinlagan in *Iſla*. Near this place, and not far from *Port Aſkaic* on the ſound of Iſla, lived the ſmith *Mac Cregie* (that is, the ſon of the Rock), and

his

his poſterity for a great length of time. There is ſtill pointed out, by the inhabitants, the rock out of which he dug his *iron ore*. Near the rock is a large ſolid ſtone, of a very hard conſiſtency, on which he knapped his ore; and, at a little diſtance, there is a caſcade on a rivulet, where ſtood his mill for poliſhing, or otherwiſe preparing the iron which he had manufactured. Here he and his deſcendents made complete ſuits of armour, according to the faſhion of the times; ſuch as helmets, ſwords, coats of mail, &c. The *Iſla* hilt for the broad ſword is well known, and ſo famous as to have become proverbial.

As to our *navigation*, there is reaſon to believe that it bore a near proportion to that of our neighbours: ſea-engagements with *Birlins* were very common in the Highlands till of late. Lymphad, or Galley, was the ſame with *Longh-ſhad* (Long-ſhip), or Birlin.

There

There was a ſhip of war built in Scotland, in the minority of James IV. the equal of which had never been built in Britain, nor ſeen upon the ſeas in thoſe times. Its dimenſions I am not juſt now able to aſcertain; but they have been accurately deſcribed by ſeveral of our hiſtorians, whom I have not at preſent an opportunity of conſulting.

In 1490, *Andrew Wood*, with two Scots ſhips, took five ſhips belonging to the Engliſh, though much ſuperior to his own in ſize. With the ſame two ſhips he afterwards took three Engliſh ſhips, the beſt that could be picked out of *Henry* the Eighth's whole fleet, and equipped for the purpoſe. They were commanded by *Stephen Bull*, as admiral, the only man in England that could be found to undertake the expedition; and they had the further advantage of being clean out of the dock, while

while *Wood* had been ſome time upon a cruiſe on the coaſt of Holland, and totally ignorant of the trap that was intended for him on his return.

From this the Doctor may perceive, that we could and did cope with the *formidable* fleets of England, and even obtained ſignal advantages over them, at a time long prior to that in which he continues to repreſent us as a nation of *ignorant* ſavages and barbarians.

With reſpect to *carpentry*, or joiner's work, we have ſtill many ſpecimens, in oak, of very high antiquity, which greatly excel any thing that is done by modern artiſts.

Our ſhields, or *targets*, likewiſe, conſiſting of wood, leather, and often a plate of ſteel, with regularly placed and poliſhed braſs

braſs ſtuds, which ſometimes formed different figures and repreſentations of things, prove, beyond a doubt, that we had people very early who could work with dexterity in a variety of materials.

Many more inſtances might be given; but thoſe above, I flatter myſelf, will be ſufficient to convince the Doctor, though perhaps he may not confeſs it, that ſuch arts as were known to other nations, were not at any period of time unknown in Scotland. The *Engliſh* are but too apt to claim a ſuperiority, in moſt things, over all their neighbours; but we know perfectly well, that they can boaſt but of few inventions, and that they are not over remarkable for making quick improvements on the inventions of others. But I wiſh not, by any means, to launch into general reflections, for the indiſcretion of Dr. *Johnſon* and a few others.

We

We are fully ſatisfied ourſelves, and ſo, we hope, are others, that it is not our ignorance or want of genius that has brought ſuch a deluge of falſehood and abuſe upon us from our worthy traveller. It is ſomething elſe, which he himſelf thinks the reverſe of theſe, that has provoked ſo much aſperity; and we hope we ſhall always continue to furniſh him with the ſame reaſons for jealouſy and detraction. We wiſh not that Dr. *Johnſon* ſhould ever ſpeak of us in a different ſtyle. As his pride and envy know no bounds, he is ſeldom obliging where others would confer applauſe. His cenſure, therefore, implies a claim to merit.

In a long ſtring of quaint axioms, he tells us, page 211, "That the martial character cannot prevail in a whole people, but by the diminution of all other virtues." By this, he endeavours to rob the Highlanders of every thing that is valuable, but

 their

their bravery. He could deviſe no means to deprive them of that, and therefore he was reſolved to leave them no other qualification. But, in aiming this thruſt at the Scotch, he ſeems not aware what a deep wound he gives to *Old* England at the ſame time. His own countrymen will not eaſily give up their claim to the *martial character*; and yet, I believe, they would not chuſe to confirm the Doctor's reaſoning, by renouncing their pretenſions to *all other virtues.* The French, Germans, and Swiſs, are all allowed to poſſeſs the martial character; but their politeneſs, humanity, and other virtues cannot be called in queſtion. Among individuals, it has commonly been obſerved, that the moſt cowardly were always the moſt cruel and barbarous. I thought likewiſe that the ſame maxim had been eſtabliſhed in regard to nations; and I muſt think ſo ſtill, till ſomething ſtronger has appeared againſt it than has been advanced by Dr. *Johnſon.*

When

When a man is at variance with the common ſenſe of mankind, his opinions may, at firſt, ſurpriſe a little by their novelty; but the ſurpriſe excited by impudent ſingularity is ſoon followed by contempt.

In the ſame and the following page, he ſays, "Every provocation was revenged with blood, and no man that ventured into a numerous company, by whatever occaſion brought together, was ſure of returning without a wound." What the Doctor ſays here is, ſo far, very right. No man certainly could be ſure of any thing that was to happen, without the gift of *preſcience*; but there was a much greater probability of a man returning ſafe, in the caſe he ſtates, than that an inhabitant of *London*, after going to bed, ſhall not have his houſe robbed, or his throat cut, before next morning.

Different intereſts, as happened in all other countries, under the feudal inſtitution, made different clans ſometimes interfere with one another. The ſame cauſes, I believe, are attended with ſimilar effects in moſt parts of England, even in this refined age. There are few conteſted elections, I am told, without producing tumult, diſorder, danger, and ſometimes death. In regard to thoſe of the ſame clan, at the time alluded to, they not only lived peaceably together, but likewiſe in the moſt friendly manner; and generally with leſs deſign upon each other than, I am afraid, is to be found among ſome people who conſider themſelves as much more civiliſed. Were the Doctor's repreſentation of the country juſt, it muſt certainly have been long ſince depopulated.

Page 213, he ſays, " The power of deciding controverſies, and of puniſhing offences, as ſome ſuch power there muſt always

always be, was entruſted to the lairds of the country, to thoſe whom the people conſidered as their natural judges. It cannot be ſuppoſed that a rugged proprietor of the rocks, unprincipled and unenlightened, was a nice reſolver of entangled claims, or very exact in proportioning puniſhment to offences." To make good his point, the Doctor here takes ſomething for granted.

Why ſhould he ſuppoſe the lairds to be *unprincipled*, though ſome of them might happen, now and then, to be ſomewhat *unenlightened* in the intricate points of law? In matters of equity, which were the only queſtions that could come before them, and theſe by a reference from both the parties, a man of a good underſtanding and ſolid ſenſe might not make a bad arbiter; and Highlanders in general have not been reckoned deficient in a reaſonable ſhare of ſagacity. Thoſe whom the Doctor

calls *nice reſolvers of entangled claims*, are often as great *confounders* of plain caſes.

But the Doctor's obſervations on the mode of diſtributing juſtice among the Highlanders muſt fall to the ground, as they are not founded upon matter of fact. The chiefs never ſat as judges, either in civil or criminal caſes. The conſtitution of the Highlands, if the expreſſion may be uſed, was exactly the ſame with that of all other countries, where the feudal ſyſtem of government prevailed. The chief, as proprietor of the land, nominated a judge to decide upon differences between his tenants. In matters of property, there lay an appeal to the King's courts in a regular gradation.

In criminal caſes, though the culprit was tried in the diſtrict where the crime was committed, a jury was ſummoned from the whole county, and formed in the ſame

juſt

juſt and unexceptionable manner as is practiſed at preſent by the High Court of Juſticiary in Scotland. The jurymen did not conſiſt, as I am informed they frequently do in the Doctor's country, of low and *unenlightened* tradeſmen and mechanics. On the contrary, they were men of landed property in the county; all gentlemen of conſequence and conſideration, who had a character to loſe by any deviation from the eſtabliſhed maxims of juſtice; of which, as they are imprinted on the human mind, the bulk of mankind are judges in every country. The number of the jurymen, likewiſe, was always greater in Scotland than in England; which was an additional ſecurity for juſtice.

The Doctor makes ſome amends for what he had ſo raſhly aſſerted, in the next paragraph. "When the chiefs," adds he, "were men of knowledge and virtue, the convenience of a domeſtic judicature was great. No long journies were neceſſary,

no artificial delays could be practiſed; the character, the alliances, and intereſts of the litigants were known to the court, and all falſe pretences were eaſily detected. The ſentence, when it was paſt, could not be evaded; the power of the laird ſuperſeded formalities, and juſtice could not be defeated by intereſt or ſtratagem." Here he ſpeaks with more decency, though he is ſtill wrong in the principle.

Page 215. "The roads are ſecure in thoſe places, through which, forty years ago, no traveller could paſs without a convoy." To borrow a little of his own *polite* language, it may juſtly be ſaid here, that the Doctor is either "*unprincipled*" or "*unenlightened.*" His information, if he had any, was certainly very bad; and if he ſpeaks at hazard, the infamy of his miſrepreſentation is apparent.

I am ſorry when the Doctor obliges me to draw compariſons between the two kingdoms;

doms; but I muſt inform him, that the Highlanders never lurked on the public roads to diſturb ordinary travellers, like the banditti who at preſent infeſt all the roads in England. A robbery or murder was always a rare thing in the Highlands. Even in the rudeſt times our anceſtors diſdained ſuch practices; it is not therefore probable, that the preſent generation ſhould be leſs civiliſed than their forefathers.

Whatever hoſtilities they committed, it was always openly and avowedly; and only by way of repriſal on thoſe with whom they were at enmity. The moſt polite nations in Europe take ſtill the ſame advantages, when in a ſtate of war with their neighbours. When therefore two clans were at variance, it might happen, indeed, that thoſe belonging to either of them might ſometimes find it convenient to travel in larger parties than uſual for ſecurity, eſpe-

cially if their route led them near the territories of the other.

If the Doctor's *convoy* was not of this ſort, I am at a loſs to find it out. I never heard of any other; and even the neceſſity of that did not come ſo far down as he ſtates it. In any other caſe, a ſingle traveller might paſs from one end of the country to the other unmoleſted, and with much leſs danger of inſult or depredation than even in *Fleet-ſtreet*, where, I am told, the *pure* Dr. *Johnſon* has not diſdained to fix his abode.

In the very next ſentence of the ſame page, he ſays, "All trials of right by the ſword are forgotten." This mode of deciding points of right would, I confeſs, have been a reproach to our forefathers, had it been only in uſe among them. But as the ſame kind of appeal prevailed in *England*, and other European countries, at the

the ſame time, it is rather ſomewhat *little* in this *great* man to exhibit that cuſtom now, as a characteriſtic of the ancient Highlanders.

Page 227, he obſerves, "England has for ſeveral years been filled with the atchievements of ſeventy thouſand Highlanders employed in *America*. I have heard from an Engliſh officer, not much inclined to favour them, that their behaviour deſerved a very high degree of military praiſe; but their number has been much exaggerated. One of the miniſters told me, that ſeventy thouſand men could not have been found in all the Highlands, and that more than twelve thouſand never took the field." The number ſaid to have been employed in America, if the Doctor ever heard ſuch a report, was certainly much exaggerated. No more than about five thouſand were employed on the American ſervice; and thoſe were only the

Royal

Royal Highlanders, with *Frazer*'s and *Montgomery*'s regiments. The former conſiſted of two battalions of eleven hundred each; and each of the latter had fourteen hundred men. They did not act in a body together; every corps had a ſeparate deſtination.

Though there were not ſeventy thouſand Highlanders employed in America, nor indeed in the whole ſervice, there were certainly more than that number of men raiſed in Scotland, during the courſe of the laſt war; but a large proportion of theſe were *Lowlanders*; and they, likewiſe, did much honour to the Britiſh arms, as well as to their native country. The Doctor, however, makes the Scotch levies all Highlanders, and ſends the whole ſeventy thouſand to America, as he could not allow the *atchievements* of which he had heard to five thouſand only. This furniſhes an equal proof of his admiration and envy.

As

As the Doctor is never long of one mind, he ſoon veers about, and reduces his ſeventy thouſand to twelve. He ſays he was told by one of the miniſters, that ſeventy thouſand men could not be found in all the Highlands, and that more than twelve thouſand never took the field.

The Doctor, on more occaſions than one, ſeems to have been much indebted to the Scotch clergy for intelligence; at leaſt, he often adduces them as vouchers for what he ſays. It is remarkable, however, that when he makes uſe of their teſtimony for any thing that derogates from the importance of the country, he always conceals their names. This has a very ſuſpicious look, as we have no direction for inveſtigating the fact; and none of thoſe gentlemen can find himſelf reſponſible to refute an anonymous charge.

I will

I will allow the Doctor, if he pleaſes, that ſeventy thouſand men could not eaſily be found in the Highlands, to enter the ſervice all at one time; and, I believe, it might even diſtreſs *Old England* itſelf to furniſh an equal number of efficient recruits on a ſudden emergency. But I will deny that no more than twelve thouſand Highlanders were employed in our different armies, in the courſe of the laſt war; and I will be bold to aver, that no miniſter ever gave him the information he pretends. There is not a miniſter in Scotland, much leſs in the Highlands, but knows the contrary. There were, at one time, fifteen battalions of Highlanders, diſtinguiſhed by their native dreſs; which may be reckoned at ſixteen thouſand men at leaſt: for if two or three of thoſe corps, and I am ſure there were no more, fell a little ſhort of their full complement of a thouſand each, all the reſt had a ſurplus much more than ſufficient to make up the deficiency.

In

In this there can be no deception. Whoever has curioſity enough, may have recourſe to the *War-office* for a confirmation of the fact. Beſides, it is certain, that many more than the number I have juſt now mentioned, were diſperſed through other regiments, without any external diſtinction as Highlanders. We had conſtantly recruiting parties among us, and they ſeldom beat up without finding volunteers.

Hence we find that our author is not more lucky in the ſtories which he palms upon others, than in the fidelity of his own obſervations; but he does not always deal in anonymous authority. He profeſſedly places ſome things to Mr. *Boſwell*'s account, which I am ſorry to ſee. Had I therefore an opportunity of meeting that gentleman, I would certainly aſk him, whether his fellow-traveller, Dr. *Samuel Johnſon*, had not taken improper liberties

with his name? and if he avowed the facts, I would not heſitate to tell him, that, if he had not ignorance for an excuſe, he had ſhewn little regard to candour.

As to the Engliſh officer, who profeſſed himſelf not much inclined to favour the Highlanders, but owned that their behaviour deſerved a very high degree of military praiſe, the Doctor has done him a kindneſs in ſuppreſſing his name. If known, he could hardly have accounted to the world for ſo ſtrange an antipathy; and though concealed, if he has lived to ſee the *Journey to the Hebrides*, and recollects himſelf in the above paſſage, he muſt feel ſomewhat aukwardly in his own mind. To avow a diſlike, and to acknowledge a claim to praiſe at the ſame time, exceeds even the uſual extravagance of *Engliſh* prejudice.

Page 230, he ſays, "The traveller, who comes hither from more opulent countries, to ſpeculate upon the remains of paſtoral life, will not much wonder that a common Highlander has no ſtrong adherence to his native ſoil." The attachment of Scotchmen in general, and of Highlanders in particular, to their native country, has always been remarkable, even to a degree of enthuſiaſm; which certainly would not have been the caſe, were that country as deſtitute of comfortable enjoyments as the Doctor often repreſents it. He is here confuted by the general voice of his own countrymen, who daily upbraid the Scotch for their national adherence. His aſſertion, therefore, muſt loſe credit on both hands. The Highlander will ſpurn the malignant inſinuation with contempt; and no Engliſhman will believe it.

But as Dr. *Johnſon* will prove the moſt unexceptionable evidence againſt himſelf,

I ſhall to this paſſage oppoſe another from his own work. When he was leaving *Anoch* in Glenmorriſon, where he had ſtaid a night, and was ſo much captivated with the genteel appearance and behaviour of his landlord's daughter, he tells us, that their hoſt, when they left his houſe in the morning, walked by them a great way, and entertained them with converſation both on his own condition and that of the country. "From him," continues he, page 79, "we firſt heard of the general diſſatisfaction (the raiſing of the rents), which is now driving the Highlanders into the other hemiſphere; and when I aſked him whether they would ſtay at home, if they were well treated, he anſwered with indignation, that no man willingly left his native country." This, I preſume, will be deemed a ſufficient comment upon the preceding quotation.

It

It is not the firſt time we have ſeen the Doctor's narrations at *croſs purpoſes* with each other. We can account for his miſrepreſentations from his prejudices; his contradictions, however, will require a different ſolution. A badneſs of heart may induce a man to calumniate others; but there is a degree of inſanity in expoſing one's own ſhame.

Page 238. We have here another of our traveller's inconſiſtencies. "The general converſation of the Iſlanders," ſays he, "has nothing particular. I did not meet with the inquiſitiveneſs of which I have read, and ſuſpect the judgment to have been raſhly made." How will this be reconciled with what he has ſaid before in page 116, where he deſcribes the ſame people as full of curioſity and of the love of talk?

But the caſe is ſo very different from what the Doctor alleges in this place, that the inquiſitiveneſs of the common people in the Highlands has been generally thought to border upon a good-natured kind of officiouſneſs. I do not mention this as a circumſtance very much to be applauded; but it is harmleſs at leaſt, and ſhews that the Doctor has formed a wrong eſtimate of that part of their character, if he ſtates the matter as he really found it. Many of them, however, for want of his language, might be unable to expreſs their curioſity, let it be ever ſo great.

As to the better ſort, they were always very delicate in their inquiries, as the Doctor's anſwers were generally rude and unmannerly. While in the Hebrides, he was for the moſt part ſo ſulky and ill-humoured, that even their aſſiduities to pleaſe him ſeemed to give offence. It may

naturally be ſuppoſed, therefore, that a people always remarkable for their politeneſs to ſtrangers, would be very ſhy in obtruding any thing that might prove diſagreeable to their gueſt. When the Doctor was in a mood for converſation, they heard him with attention, and anſwered his queſtions with civility; but, with all that *curioſity* and *love of talk*, which he has allowed them in another place, they ſeldom ventured to ſolicit him for any information in return. The natural roughneſs of his manners was ſometimes ſo exceſſive, that he even treated the ladies with diſreſpect; and nothing but a regard to the laws of hoſpitality prevented the gentlemen often from ſhewing marks of their diſpleaſure.

Page 239. " There are now parochial ſchools, to which the lord of every manor pays a certain ſtipend. Here the children are taught to read; but, by the rule of

their inſtitution, they teach only *Engliſh*, ſo that the natives read a language which they may never uſe or underſtand." The Doctor undertakes to give too much information for the ſhort ſtay he made in the *Hebrides*. The time could not allow a proper inveſtigation of ſo many particulars, were he more diſpoſed to be faithful in his accounts; and therefore it is no wonder that we ſo often find him miſtaken.

Here he evidently confounds the *parochial* with the *charity* ſchools. The former are provided with ſalaries in the manner he mentions; but the latter are ſupported by royal bounty. There has not been a pariſh in Scotland for ſome centuries without a parochial ſchool; and every thing within the compaſs of the maſter's knowledge, who is always a man of univerſity education, is regularly taught. There is no prohibition againſt teaching any thing, not

not even the *Gaelic*, ſo much the Doctor's abhorrence, excepted; though, at the ſame time, that is not a branch of education in thoſe ſeminaries.

The *charity* ſchools are of much later inſtitution; and, being intended originally for the poorer ſort, the children pay no fees. The ſame qualifications are not requiſite in the maſters of theſe. They chiefly teach Engliſh, writing, and arithmetic; though ſeveral of them teach book-keeping likewiſe in ſo great perfection as to fit the youth under their care for the counting-houſe. By their firſt inſtitution, it is true, they were prohibited to teach the *Gaelic*; but the impropriety of that prohibition ſtruck the managers ſo forcibly afterwards, that in their next inſtructions they altered that clauſe, and gave orders for teaching it.

Page 240. In *Sky*, he ſays, " The ſcholars are birds of paſſage, who live at ſchool only in the ſummer; for in winter proviſions cannot be made for any conſiderable number in one place. This periodical diſperſion impreſſes ſtrongly the ſcarcity of theſe countries." It may with more juſtice be ſaid, that this account of the matter *impreſſes much more ſtrongly* the author's uniform intention of miſrepreſenting facts. The very reverſe of what he here ſays is true; for the ſchools over all the Highlands are much more frequented in winter than in ſummer. I have already had occaſion to mention, that the winter is far from being a ſeaſon of ſcarcity in the Hebrides; as the people, by that kind of providence which is common to all mankind, prepare for it in due time. Nor is the abſence of ſeveral of the ſcholars in ſummer owing to the *illiberal* cauſe aſſigned by Dr. *Johnſon*, as affecting the winter. The children of the

leſs

leſs opulent ſort of people, who are fit for domeſtic ſervices, are more wanted in that ſeaſon at home.

Page 242. The Iſlanders, ſays he, "have no reaſon to complain of inſufficient paſtors; for I ſaw not one in the iſlands whom I had reaſon to think either deficient in learning or irregular in life; but found ſeveral with whom I could not converſe without wiſhing, as my reſpect increaſed, that they had not been Preſbyterians." A few lines after he goes on, "The miniſters in the iſlands had attained ſuch knowledge as may juſtly be admired in men who have no motive to ſtudy, but generous curioſity, or, what is ſtill better, deſire of uſefulneſs; with ſuch politeneſs as ſo narrow a circle of converſe could not have ſupplied, but to minds naturally diſpoſed to elegance."

Some regard to truth and candour has prevailed for once. But notwithſtanding

theſe

theſe generous effuſions, for which ſome acknowledgments are due to the Doctor, let me aſk him, how this account of the Highland clergy, for their learning and politeneſs, accords with what he ſays, in page 376, of our Scotch education? Speaking there of the univerſities of Scotland, he declares, that "men bred in them obtain only a mediocrity of knowledge, between learning and ignorance." As none of thoſe gentlemen were bred any where elſe, it will readily occur to the reader, that ſuch oppoſite accounts of the Highland miniſters and the Scotch colleges cannot be both true. He will therefore judge for himſelf which to reject.

But whatever reſpect Dr. *Johnſon* had for the miniſters as men, he ſeems to have no charity for them as *Preſbyterians*. His confeſſion on that head may ſerve as a key to many other things, and ſhews that much juſtice and impartiality is not to be expected from

from a man who is not aſhamed to own ſuch prejudices. The compliment to the miniſters, therefore, ends in a ſatire upon himſelf.

In the ſame page he ſays, he " met with prejudices ſufficiently malignant among the Preſbyterians, but they were prejudices of ignorance." As he does not ſpecify the nature of thoſe prejudices, no reply can be made. His diſpoſition, I believe, was *ſufficiently malignant* to have pointed them out, had there been any that could have ſerved his purpoſe. By being particular, a man aſſumes an air of truth at leaſt; but a general aſſertion will not do, at this time of day, from Dr. *Johnſon*. We have already ſeen too much laxity in his obſervations to give him credit for more than he is able to render probable, if not to prove. But while the *good* Doctor talks of malignant prejudices among the Preſbyterians, as being the effects of ignorance,

let

let me civilly aſk him, if he muſt *not* be ſuſpected of ignorance, to what more dignified cauſe we are to impute thoſe *malignant prejudices* of his own, which have diſgraced almoſt every page of his work?

Page 245. "There is in Scotland, as among ourſelves, a reſtleſs ſuſpicion of popiſh machinations, and a clamour of numerous converts to the Romiſh religion. The report is, I believe, in both parts of the iſland equally falſe. The Romiſh religion is profeſſed only in *Egg* and *Canna*, two ſmall iſlands, into which the Reformation never made its way. If any miſſionaries are buſy in the Highlands, their zeal entitles them to reſpect, even from thoſe who cannot think favourably of their doctrine."

We have here a freſh and very ſtriking inſtance of the Doctor's attachment to the Romiſh religion. He affects to diſbelieve the

the reports of numerous converts being made, leſt people ſhould take the alarm, and put a ſtop to the practice; and he concludes the paſſage with a very curious argument in favour of toleration. No one, I believe, will doubt *his* reſpect for popiſh miſſionaries; but how their zeal, in propagating their tenets, ſhould entitle them to reſpect from thoſe who diſapprove of them, is ſomething beyond my comprehenſion.

In confining the Romiſh religion in the Highlands to *Egg* and *Canna* only, he muſt be either ignorant or inſincere. It is ſomewhat ſurpriſing, indeed, that a man, who, as he terms it himſelf, came purpoſely "to ſpeculate upon the country," ſhould return ſo very ill informed in a matter of ſo much conſequence. Had he taken a little more pains, he muſt have heard, that there were many of the *Romiſh religion* in Strath-glaſs, Brae-mar, Lochaber, and Glengary; and that the inhabitants

bitants of Cnoideart, Muideart, Araſaig, Morthair, South-Uiſt, and Barra, in all a vaſt extent of country, are Roman catholics almoſt to a man.

This is a more juſt ſtate of the fact than what has been given by the Doctor. He will not, I ſuppoſe, be diſpleaſed to hear it; and I am ſorry I cannot help giving him the further pleaſure of aſſuring him, that the *Romiſh religion* has been conſiderably upon the growing hand in all the three kingdoms for ſeveral years paſt.

Page 246, he ſays, "The ancient ſpirit that appealed only to the ſword is yet among the Highlanders." This ſurely muſt appear a bold aſſertion, after telling us before, in page 128, "That the military ardour of the Highlanders was extinguiſhed," and ſtill more directly, in page 215, "That all trials of right by the ſword are forgotten." When the Doctor has

has a turn to ſerve, he throws out at random whatever ſuits him beſt; and when another purpoſe requires a different account of the very ſame matter, he is not over ſcrupulous about altering his detail. The poor Highlanders muſt be moulded into all ſhapes, to conform with his views. At one time, we ſee them an abject and *diſpirited* race of men; at another, they ſwagger in all the *ſavage* pride of their "*ancient ferocity*."

When we meet with ſuch groſs and palpable contradictions, it would be a mild conſtruction *only* to ſuppoſe that the Doctor ſometimes forgets what he has ſaid before. This is as far as charity can go. But the writer who needs our charity is in a more contemptible ſituation than the wretch who lives by it.

In page 248, our traveller comes to examine the queſtion of the *ſecond ſight*; and

it is truly ſurpriſing to ſee with what a credulous weakneſs he endeavours to defend ſo viſionary an opinion. Other things, which are believed by every man in the country, which are probable in themſelves, and are ſupported by all the evidence that a reaſonable man could expect, the Doctor often rejects; but this point, abſurd in itſelf, uncountenanced by any decent authority, and to which only a few of the moſt ignorant vulgar give the leaſt faith, he maintains with a zeal which ſhews him to be aſhamed of nothing but thinking like other men.

In attempting to define the *ſecond ſight*, he ſeems to be much at a loſs. In page 149, he calls it a faculty, for power, he ſays, it cannot be called; and yet, in page 154, he veers about again, and calls the *ſecond ſight* of the *Hebrides* a power.

If

If there is any real diſtinction between a faculty and a power, it would appear, from this variation of language, that the Doctor has not been able to find it out.

His reaſonings upon the ſubject, for they cannot be called arguments, may amuſe ſome readers, but they can convince none. They are too obſcure to be underſtood by the illiterate, and they want ſtrength to impreſs men of knowledge. But though our peregrinator has not been aſhamed to exhibit his own ſuperſtitious credulity, it is a daring piece of inſolence to introduce the names of a *Bacon* and a *Boyle* to give credit to ſuch ridiculous nonſenſe.

Such a faculty or power, or whatever the Doctor pleaſes to call it, muſt always have depended, if ever it exiſted, upon ſome ſuperior agency, and conſequently muſt have been excited at particular times

for ſome good purpoſes. We can ſee no adequate reaſon, therefore, for the *ſecond ſight* being local; and ſtill leſs, if poſſible, for its being confined to the lower ranks of people. To have anſwered the intention of ſuch a gift, it ought to have been general,—in *China*, and at the *Land's End*, as well as in the *Hebrides*,—and conferred upon the rich and the learned, as well as upon the poor and the ignorant.

In ſupport of the *ſecond ſight*, Dr. *Johnſon* uſes only two particular arguments, if they deſerve that name, which ſeem worthy of any notice. In page 254, he ſays, "Where we are unable to decide by antecedent reaſon, we muſt be content to yield to the force of teſtimony." This, in general, is certainly a very juſt obſervation, and worthy of a better ſubject. Had the Doctor always applied it in caſes where a rational teſtimony was to be obtained, he would have been entitled to that claim

to

to candour which he has ſo often forfeited.

His next plea is as follows: in the ſame page he ſays, " By pretenſion to *ſecond ſight*, no profit was ever ſought or gained. It is an involuntary affection, in which neither hope nor fear are known to have any part. Thoſe who profeſs to feel it, do not boaſt of it as a privilege, nor are conſidered by others as advantageouſly diſtinguiſhed. They have no temptation to feign, and their hearers have no motive to encourage the impoſture."

Here the Doctor is evidently under a very groſs miſtake. Whatever he may think, if he really writes as he thinks, it is a well known fact, that thoſe who have pretended to the *ſecond ſight* always conſidered it as a peculiar diſtinction, of which they were not a little vain; and it is no leſs true, that ſuch as were weak enough

to pay any regard to their pretenſions were always afraid of offending, and deſirous of pleaſing them, as believing they had a communication with a ſuperior order of beings. Whether the artful might not find here a temptation for impoſture, I ſhall leave the reader to judge.

If this faculty, power, or affection, had ever any exiſtence, except in the preſumption of the deſigning or the imagination of the credulous, it is now viſibly upon the decline, without any loſs to the country; and it is to be hoped a few years more will extinguiſh the very memory of ſo great a reproach to the human underſtanding. In proportion as the light of knowledge has dawned upon mankind, their eagerneſs for wonders and belief in ſupernatural endowments have gradually abated. We may, therefore, naturally expect that the *ſecond ſight* of the *Hebrides* will

will ſoon ſhare the ſame fate with the late *witchcrafts* of Old England.

The Doctor ſays, that one of the miniſters told him that he came to *Sky* with a reſolution not to believe the *ſecond ſight*; a declaration which he ſhews a willingneſs to cenſure, as implying an unreaſonable degree of incredulity. But as our traveller ſeems to have gone to *Sky* with a reſolution to believe nothing elſe, we ſhall leave the merits of his *credulity* in this caſe, and *incredulity* in all others, with the impartial public.

I ſhall now diſmiſs this ſubject, as unworthy of any further diſcuſſion, and permit Dr. *Johnſon*, with all his *pretenſions* to philoſophy, to believe the *ſecond ſight* as long as he pleaſes. It is a harmleſs deluſion, and can hurt nobody. Some minds have a ſtronger propenſity to ſuperſtition than others; and there is the leſs

reaſon to be ſurpriſed at this inſtance of it in the Doctor, that I am told he was one of thoſe *wiſe* men who ſat up whole nights, ſome years ago, repeating *paternoſters* and other *exorciſms*, amidſt a group of old women, to conjure the *Cock-lane* ghoſt.

Our traveller next proceeds to other obſervations. In pages 256 and 257, he ſays, " As there ſubſiſts no longer in the iſlands much of that peculiar and diſcriminative form of life, of which the idea had delighted our imagination, we were willing to liſten to ſuch accounts of paſt times as would be given us; but we ſoon found what memorials were to be expected from an illiterate people, whoſe whole time is a ſeries of diſtreſs; where every morning is labouring with expedients for the evening; and where all mental pains or pleaſure aroſe from the dread of winter, the expectations of ſpring, the caprices of their chiefs, and the motions of the neighbouring

ing clans; where there was neither ſhame from ignorance, nor pride from knowledge; neither curioſity to inquire, nor vanity to communicate."

Were this repreſentation of the Iſlanders true, it is certainly a very diſmal one. But it is always ſome conſolation to the miſerable, to find others in no better a ſituation than themſelves. Let us compare this account with what he gives us, a little before, of the human race in general. In page 250, he ſays, "Good ſeems to have the ſame proportion in thoſe viſionary ſcenes, as it obtains in real life: almoſt all remarkable events have evil for their baſis, and are either miſeries incurred, or miſeries eſcaped. Our ſenſe is ſo much ſtronger of what we ſuffer, than of what we enjoy, that the ideas of pain predominate in almoſt every mind. What is recollection but a revival of vexations,—or hiſtory, but a record of wars, treaſons, and calamities?

Death, which is conſidered as the greateſt evil, happens to all. The greateſt good, be it what it will, is the lot but of a part."

Here is exhibited a picture of human life more ghaſtly than the *Gorgon*'s head, and ſufficient to chill every breaſt with horror. We may naturally conſider the Doctor, while he wrote in this manner, to have been actuated by a deep fit of melancholy and deſpair; and what he ſays of the Iſlanders ſo ſoon afterwards, ſeems to have been dictated under the remains of the ſame gloomy paroxyſm. Thoſe who find an exact repreſentation of their own ſtate in the general portrait of miſery here given, can have no reaſon to contemplate the inhabitants of the iſlands as diſtinguiſhed by peculiar calamities. But ſuch as can perceive no ſimilitude of themſelves in that *frightful* group (and it is to be hoped there are many), will be naturally

diſpoſed

diſpoſed to make ſome allowance for an extraordinary daſh of colouring in the Doctor's account of the *Hebrides*.

Though the matter might be ſuffered to reſt here, it may be worth while to examine the *rhapſody* of our traveller, concerning the Iſlanders, ſomewhat more minutely. I ſhall therefore beg the Doctor's leave to analyſe that *remarkable* paragraph; that by contraſting its ſeveral parts ſeparately, with what he has advanced on other occaſions, we may the better determine what degree of credit he can claim from the public. As he is to be weighed in his own balance, he will have himſelf only to blame, if—" *he is found wanting*."

" We ſoon found what memorials were to be expected from an illiterate people." His panegyric on the learning and politeneſs of the Highland *clergy* has been already

already obſerved: in page 119, he acknowledges that he never was in any houſe of the iſlands, where he did not find books in more languages than one; adding, in the beginning of the next page, that *literature* is not neglected by the higher rank of the Hebridians: and, from what he ſays of the *inn-keeper* at Anoch, and others of the ſame claſs, it is evident that he often found an unexpected degree of education in the intermediate ſpheres of life.

With what confidence then can Dr. *Johnſon* talk of an illiterate people? So indiſcriminate a charge is certainly intended to be underſtood as general; but if there is any truth in himſelf, it cannot appear to be juſt. He has admitted learning among the Iſlanders, where a man of ſenſe and candour would expect to find it any where elſe; and to inſinuate that it goes no further, if that really be his meaning, is but giving a freſh proof of his own abſurdity.

abſurdity. He has, therefore, no other alternative. He muſt either ſtand convicted of inſincerity in his accounts of the higher and middle ranks of men, or he muſt confine the appellation of *illiterate* to the very loweſt of the people. If he chuſes the latter, he can derive no great credit from the remark he makes; as it appears from his own words, that it was among this order only that he ſought for what he calls memorials.

In that caſe, it is no great wonder if he was often diſappointed. But that can be deemed no peculiar reproach to the inferior inhabitants of the iſlands, till the Doctor proves that every cottager in *England* is a man of letters, and capable of ſatisfying the curioſity of a traveller in the niceſt points of inquiry.

"Every morning is labouring with expedients for the evening." This is a proof

of their induſtry at leaſt, in contradiction to that *lazineſs* and *averſion to labour*, with which the Doctor ſo often upbraids them in other places. That the time preſent ſhould labour for the future can appear nothing remarkable, as we generally find it to be the great buſineſs of life in every country whatever. We, therefore, can ſee nothing here to find fault with, unleſs it be that Dr. *Johnſon* was angry becauſe thoſe *ſavages* and *barbarians*, as he frequently calls them, were as wiſe and provident as their neighbours.

" All mental pains or pleaſure ariſe from the dread of winter, the expectation of ſpring, the caprices of their chiefs, and the motions of the neighbouring clans."

There has been occaſion to ſhew, more than once, that the winter is not ſo very dreadful a ſeaſon in the *Hebrides*, as our traveller

traveller repreſents it. I ſhall therefore refer this part of the argument to the reader's recollection of what has been already ſaid.

As to the evils to be apprehended from the caprices of the chiefs, the Doctor himſelf is kind enough, as on moſt other occaſions, to help me out with an anſwer. He takes frequent opportunities to obſerve, that the patriarchal authority of the chiefs is, in a great meaſure, aboliſhed; but I ſhall only take notice of what he ſays in pages 205 and 215.

In the former of theſe he tells us, "That the chiefs being now deprived of their juriſdiction, have already loſt much of their influence, and that they are in a fair way of being ſoon diveſted of the little that remains." Whether this be true or not, is of little conſequence in the preſent queſtion; it is ſufficient to ſhew that the

Doctor is inconſiſtent with himſelf.—In the laſt-mentioned page, after comparing the preſent with ancient times, he ſays, "that now, however, there is happily an end to all fear or hope from malice or from favour;" and a little after, "that the mean are in as little danger from the powerful as in other places."

If the Doctor has not been miſtaken in theſe obſervations, I would aſk him, on what foundation he now builds the caprices of the chiefs?

The motions of the neighbouring clans ceaſed with the juriſdictions and other prerogatives of the chiefs. The Doctor is ſufficiently ſenſible of this change, and is at abundant pains, in other places, to ſhew by what means it was effected; though, in his uſual way, having a particular purpoſe to anſwer at this time, he is reſolved to keep up the old cuſtom.

A paſſage

A paſſage or two from himſelf will diſcover, whether he has always given reaſon to believe that there is now any cauſe of dread from the motions of the neighbouring clans. In page 206, he ſays, "The chief has loſt his formidable retinue; and the Highlander walks his heath unarmed and defenceleſs, with the peaceable ſubmiſſion of a French peaſant or Engliſh cottager." In page 359, he obſerves, that the inſular chieftains have quitted the caſtles that ſheltered their anceſtors, and generally live near them, in manſions not very ſpacious or ſplendid: "Yet," ſays he, "they (the modern houſes) bear teſtimony to the progreſs of arts and civility, as they ſhew that rapine and ſurpriſe are no longer dreaded."

Can there be a greater variance than between theſe two paſſages and what our author inſinuates in regard to the neighbouring clans? Or can any thing be more

clearly

clearly demonſtrative of Dr. *Johnſon*'s partial, vague, and contradictory mode of writing?

"There is neither ſhame from ignorance, nor pride from knowledge."—Unleſs the Doctor has a mind to retract what he formerly allowed in favour of the clergy, gentry, and middle rank of people, this obſervation can only regard the loweſt claſs of the inhabitants; and we have already ſeen with how little reaſon or juſtice they can become the objects of ſuch critical animadverſion. It is not their natural character to be thought ignorant of ſuch things as commonly belong to their ſtate and ſituation in life; and few, I believe, of the ſame rank in other countries, extend their knowledge much beyond thoſe bounds.

Had the Doctor and they been able to converſe freely in the ſame language, he would

would have discovered in them a degree of acuteness, sagacity, and intelligence, not very common perhaps in the same station of life; and which, I am persuaded, he would have had no great inclination to relate. That much, with a knowledge of their own domestic operations and concerns, is all that could be expected from them; and it ought to have exempted them from so scurrilous an attack. A comprehensive view of the present state of the country, or a minute acquaintance with the history of former times, was not to be obtained in huts and cottages. Their ignorance of such matters must necessarily be great, and their knowledge but little. There can, therefore, be no reason for *shame* from the one, nor for *pride* from the other.

"Neither curiosity to inquire, nor vanity to communicate."—In different parts of his work, he gives a very different account of

their curioſity. In particular, in page 116, he repreſents them as much addicted to curioſity, a love of talk, and a fondneſs for new topics of converſation. But the Doctor has a peculiar knack at *making* them what he pleaſes, and *unmaking* them again, as different purpoſes may require.

If they have really ſo little deſire to communicate, as is here aſſerted, I ſhould be glad to know how he came by thoſe numerous anecdotes in his Journey to the *Hebrides*, relating to the ancient friendſhips, feuds, intermarriages, military alliances, and other tranſactions, of many of the inſular chiefs. He often inſiſts that we have no written vouchers for theſe things, nor any other authority than what is founded on tradition alone. If this be true, I can ſee no other channel through which he could have received his intelligence, than by *communication* from the inhabitants.

Either

Either then, contrary to what the Doctor has aſſerted elſewhere, there muſt be records to furniſh ſuch materials; or, contrary to what he aſſerts in this place, the people muſt have had ſome little *vanity*, or deſire, at leaſt, *to communicate*. I maintain the affirmative of both; but both cannot be as the Doctor ſays, unleſs, indeed, we can ſuppoſe him to have obtained a retroſpective view of things, by means of his *favourite* faculty of the *ſecond ſight*.

Beſides this general argument, which I think is concluſive, the Doctor himſelf furniſhes a variety of inſtances to prove a communicative diſpoſition in the Highlanders. Of theſe I ſhall ſelect only a few.

The old woman whoſe hut he entered, by the ſide of *Loch Neſs*, ſeems to have been ſufficiently communicative; for he tells us, page 67, " that ſhe was willing

enough to diſplay her whole ſyſtem of economy." This much, ſurely, is all the information that could be expected from her. The Doctor, in his turn, ſeems as willing to deſcribe as ſhe was willing to diſplay; and it muſt be confeſſed that he has acquitted himſelf in that part with great dexterity. The minuteneſs of trifling detail and the garrulity peculiar to an old woman are ſo happily hit off, that one would think it *natural* for our traveller to exhibit that character. Were ſuch a repreſentation wanted in a ſcenic entertainment, Dr. *Johnſon* promiſes fair to give general ſatisfaction.—His landlord at *Anoch*, likewiſe, ſeems to have had no great averſion to a pretty free communication; and the Doctor acknowledges his being indebted to him for many particulars, which he was deſirous to know, relating to that part of the country.—But the moſt direct inſtance againſt the Doctor's

aſſertion

aſſertion we have in page 251. He there tells us, that their deſire of information was keen, their inquiry frequent, and that every body was communicative.

Enough, I preſume, has been ſaid upon theſe heads for the conviction of the reader, and too much, perhaps, for his patience; but as the attack was complicated, it was neceſſary the defence againſt each part ſhould be particular.

In the above paſſage, the whole artillery of Dr. *Johnſon*'s malice is brought to the field at once. Before, he generally levelled but one engine at a time; namely, either the pride, the poverty, or the ignorance of the country. But here he plays them off all together; and that they might not fail of the intended execution, he has taken care to ſuccour them with a freſh recruit of calumny.

As uſual, he aſſerts with a boldneſs that bids defiance to contradiction; but an inſolent and peremptory manner, the pomp of an inflated diction, and the *gingle* of a quaint and laboured antitheſis, are left to ſupply the place of argument and proof. By ſuch a parade, no doubt, he hoped to do much; but we have ſeen how little he has been able to effect. The weapons which he aimed with ſo much care have been flung in vain. His own teſtimony has blunted the point of every ſhaft.

We can therefore only ſay, that if Dr. *Johnſon*'s praiſes be well founded, his cenſures muſt be deſtitute of truth. It is impoſſible we can give our aſſent to contraries at one and the ſame time. But whichever we may chuſe to believe, our author ſtands in that mortifying kind of predicament, that he can be truſted no further than he agrees with other writers.

This

This deſcription in *caricature*, which the Doctor gives of the Iſlanders in general, ſeems ſo much the more inexplicable, that he ſpeaks favourably of every individual whom he had occaſion to know or converſe with.

The behaviour even of the lower claſs of people, on every occaſion, ſeemed to pleaſe him. The two *horſe-hirers*, who attended him from *Inverneſs* to the ferry-paſſage for *Sky*, acquitted themſelves ſo much to his ſatisfaction, for their fidelity, care, and alertneſs, that he recommends them at parting to any future travellers. When travelling from place to place, in the different iſlands which he viſited, the men who were occaſionally employed either as guides, or to walk by his horſe through rough grounds, have all obtained their ſhare of his praiſe, for their care, attention, and civil behaviour. The rowers of boats, or mariners of veſſels, in paſſing

from one iſland to another, he allows to be dexterous and obliging. Every hut he enters gives him ſtriking ſpecimens of hoſpitality, and the kind and liberal diſpoſition of the inhabitants. Wherever there is a houſe, he ſays, the traveller finds a welcome. And, in ſhort, it was the good behaviour of the lower claſs of people that drew from him that remarkable obſervation in page 60, " that civility ſeems part of the national character of Highlanders."

As to the better ſort, again, he may be ſaid to be even laviſh of praiſe. His *encomiums* are as frequent as there were families he viſited, or perſons he converſed with. A few inſtances of this kind will be ſufficient.

At the laird of *Mackinnon*'s in Sky, the company was numerous and genteel, and ſo very agreeable to the Doctor, that their converſation ſufficiently compenſated the interruption

interruption given to his journey by the badneſs of the weather. At *Raaſay*, he was enchanted by every ſpecies of elegance. At *Dunvegan*, the ſeat of the laird of *Macleod*, he had taſted *lotus*, and was in danger of forgetting that he was ever to depart. The amiable manners, and many other virtues, of the young laird of *Col*, are frequently and liberally diſplayed. At Dr. *Maclean*'s, a phyſician in Mull, he found very kind and good entertainment, and very pleaſing converſation. At *Inch Kenneth*, the reſidence of Sir *Allan* Maclean, he ſays he could have been eaſily perſuaded to a longer ſtay; but life could not be always paſſed in delight. And, of Mr. *Maclean*, a miniſter in *Mull*, at whoſe houſe he ſtaid a night, our traveller ſays, that the elegance of his converſation, and ſtrength of judgment, would make him conſpicuous in places of greater celebrity.

After

After hearing Dr. *Johnſon* give ſuch teſtimonies as theſe, in favour of the Highlanders, could any one believe, that in the paſſage I have laſt quoted from his work, he was ſpeaking of the ſame people? *Individually*, he allows them to be entitled to commendation; but *collectively*, he loads them with ſlander and abuſe. Though every man is *civil*, the whole taken together make a nation of *ſavages* and *barbarians*. Though he ſaw *plenty* and elegance every where, the country is pining in *poverty*, and deſtitute of every comfort of life. And though he gives ſo many inſtances of an uncommon ſhare of *learning* and *knowledge* being pretty widely diffuſed among them, he pronounces them, in the bulk, to be an *illiterate* and *ignorant* people.

This ſurely is a very extraordinary way of drawing concluſions. To prove its abſurdity, would be to prove a ſelf-evident propoſition.

propoſition. As well might Dr. *Johnſon* pretend to tell us, that if a number of pieces of pure gold were to be fuſed together in a furnace, the product would turn out a maſs or aggregate of a baſer metal.

Page 257, he obſerves, that in the houſes of the chiefs were preſerved what accounts remained of paſt ages. "But the chiefs," ſays he, "were ſometimes ignorant and careleſs, and ſometimes kept buſy by turbulence and contention; and one generation of ignorance effaces the whole ſeries of unwritten hiſtory. Books are faithful repoſitories, which may be a while neglected or forgotten; but when they are opened again, will again impart their inſtruction: memory once interrupted, is not to be recalled. Written learning is a fixed luminary, which, after the cloud that had hidden has paſſed away, is again bright in its proper ſtation. Tradition is but a

meteor, which, if once it falls, cannot be rekindled."

Here the Doctor is making his approaches very faſt, and is now almoſt on the point of ſpringing the mine which he has been ſo long in digging. In this place he prepares his reader, by an artful inſinuation, for what he means to aſſert boldly afterwards. To invalidate the credit of Highland antiquities, ſeems to have been the great object of his journey. As the Doctor hates the trouble of much inquiry, and to accompliſh this end in the moſt eaſy and compendious manner, he finds it neceſſary firſt to ſuppoſe that we had no written accounts of paſt ages, and then, but without any proof, to convert that ſuppoſition into a matter of fact.

I am as ready as Dr. *Johnſon* to acknowledge the ſuperiority of books over *mere* tradition, when they are written with candour

candour and care. But even books themſelves are not always to be truſted. There are falſe books as well as falſe traditions; and the *Journey* to the *Hebrides*, I am afraid, is one of thoſe books which will not be thought to deſerve the name of a *faithful repoſitory*. As to the circumſtance of our writings, I ſhall ſpeak to that point in its place; and doubt not but the *good* Doctor will appear to as much diſadvantage in that part of his ſtory, as he has already done in many other caſes.

Let us ſuppoſe, however, in the mean time, were it only for argument's ſake, that, ſome centuries ago, there were few or no written authorities among us; what would be the conſequence? Not ſurely that general one which Dr. *Johnſon* ſo unlogically affirms, namely, "That one generation of ignorance effaces the whole ſeries of unwritten hiſtory." One or more chiefs, at a particular time, might, as he ſays, be

careleſs, not very knowing, or kept buſy by turbulence and contention; but I ſee no reaſon to conclude from thence, that the whole of the chiefs, and all the generation of men then living, ſhould be ſo too. Unleſs, therefore, contrary to all probability, we are to ſuppoſe this much, our traveller's inference cannot follow, and his argument amounts to nothing. For, if there could not be a whole generation of ignorance at once; the whole ſeries of unwritten hiſtory could not be effaced.

At the ſame time, I am not inclined to lay more ſtreſs upon mere vague tradition than other men. I am certain I would truſt it as little as the *ſcrupulous* Doctor himſelf, and perhaps even a little leſs than he would, when it might ſeem to lean to a favourable purpoſe. In defending the vulgar doctrine of the *ſecond ſight*, he had no better foundation to reſt upon; and yet he finds no difficulty in telling us upon that head,

head, that when we are unable to decide by other reaſons, we muſt be content to yield to the force of ſuch teſtimony.

Tradition, however, in the liberal ſenſe of the word, has, in all ages, been deemed of ſome weight; and the beſt writers have often appealed to it, not only when other evidence has been wanting, but likewiſe as an auxiliary proof. The tradition regarded by the Highlanders, in matters of any conſequence, was of that nature which could not eaſily deceive them. It was ſo cloſely interwoven with the cuſtom and conſtitution of the country, that it could not be ſeparated from them; and it was handed down from one generation to another, not by *Bards* and *Seannachies* only, but by the general voice and conſent of a whole nation.

It was not of that vague and uncertain nature which Dr. *Johnſon* repreſents it to be;

be; nor of that weak and unmanly kind, which he himſelf has admitted, on particular occaſions, as ſufficient. But one thing is perfectly evident, that when tradition is for the country, the Doctor rejects it; and when it operates on the other ſide, he admits it as proof. Such a partial mode of repreſentation ſpeaks for itſelf.

That the Highlanders were not ſo liable to be impoſed upon by the flattering compoſitions and tales of their *Bards* and *Seannachies*, as our traveller would inſinuate, is beyond all diſpute. Beſides thoſe who were employed in thoſe profeſſions, there were multitudes in the country who ſpent moſt of their leiſure hours in hearing, recording, and rehearſing the atchievements of their anceſtors and countrymen. Among theſe, there were many who compoſed poems in a ſtrain equal to the *Bards* themſelves; and ſuch private perſons were always a check upon the *Bards* and *Seannachies*

nachies by profeſſion, to prevent their deviating from the truth.

Though the *Bards* and *Seannachies* are no longer retained as formerly, this cuſtom in the country is not yet diſcontinued. I myſelf, as well as thouſands ſtill alive, have ſeen and heard inſtances of what I have juſt now mentioned. Had the Doctor choſen it, he might likewiſe have been a witneſs to ſuch recitals, notwithſtanding the curſory view he took of the country. He acknowledges, however, that he had ſeen ſome who remembered the practice. This much from him is pretty well; though, by putting the matter a little further back, it ſhews a viſible deſign to *narrow* the real truth.

But though the Doctor's curioſity did not lead him this far, he might very eaſily, had he been a little more inquiſitive, have heard much more concerning this matter

than he has thought fit to communicate. It is not to be ſuppoſed that the Highlanders would have concealed any thing of what they knew, though he ſometimes inſinuates as much, had he but known how to make his inquiries agreeable.

But the misfortune was, that the Doctor was commonly deficient in that reſpect. His firſt queſtion was generally rude, and the ſecond a downright inſult. This ſurely was not the moſt likely way to encourage intelligence. Yet there is ſtill more reaſon to believe, from the general tenor of his work, either that he choſe to avoid knowing what might be in favour of the country, or to miſrepreſent or ſuppreſs it when known, than that he ſhould be refuſed information, had he been capable of aſking it like a gentleman.

No other traveller but himſelf has attempted to tax the inhabitants of this

country with a diſpoſition to conceal the truth. I could cite ſeveral inſtances from his own tour to prove the contrary. In particular, the ſtories which he relates of the kirk of Culloden, and of the cave in the iſland of *Egg*, are manifeſtly againſt the country. Is it credible, therefore, that they ſhould be leſs ready to communicate faithfully what might be in its favour? But as the Doctor gives theſe, and ſuch like anecdotes, without the leaſt expreſſion of diffidence, it would ſeem that he never believed he was told the truth, but when he was told ſomething to the prejudice of Scotland.

Page 258. It ſeems to be univerſally ſuppoſed, ſays he, that much of the local hiſtory was preſerved by the *Bards*, of whom one is ſaid to have been retained by every great family. He then tells us, that he made ſeveral inquiries after theſe Bards, and received ſuch anſwers as, for a while,

made him pleaſed with his increaſe of knowledge; but, alas! he adds immediately after, that he was only pleaſed, "as he had not then learned how to eſtimate the narration of a Highlander."

This *ſage* remark at the end of his paragraph is owing to the ſame *important* cauſe, as a ſimilar obſervation formerly about the buſineſs of *brogue-making*; namely, ſome inconſiderable variation in the ſubſequent accounts he received. At one time he was told that a great family had a *Bard* and a *Seannachie*, who were the poet and hiſtorian of the houſe; and an old gentleman ſaid, that he remembered one of each. But unluckily, another converſation informed him, that the ſame man was both *Bard* and *Seannachie*; and this variation diſcouraged the *accurate* and *conſiſtent* Dr. *Johnſon*.

It is the more ſurpriſing to hear him expreſs any diſcouragement in this caſe, that he immediately after gives ſo eaſy and natural a ſolution of the difficulty himſelf, if it may be thought deſerving of that name. He ſays very properly, as he ſaid before concerning the two different accounts of *brogue-making*, that the practice might be different in different times, or at the ſame time in different families. This moſt certainly was the true ſtate of the matter; and this plain account of it removes the ſtumbling-block at once.

I will venture to aſſert, from my own perſonal knowledge of ſome people, from whom the Doctor received a great part of his intelligence, that the affair was explained to him in this very manner upon the ſpot. I will ſtill go further; I have authority to ſay ſo. It is, therefore, worſe than childiſh in our author to continue ſtill to expreſs his diſtruſt, on account of a

circumſtance ſo clearly reconcileable both to reaſon and truth, and for which he himſelf has furniſhed a ſolid and ſatisfactory explanation.

To diſcover doubts in ſuch plain caſes, is a mark of weakneſs; but to lay hold of them as a handle for general calumny, if a man is not a downright ideot, is wicked to the laſt degree. Such trivial variations are not only common, but even unavoidable, in the diſcourſe of different perſons, all the world over; and if that could be reckoned a valid objection, we find likewiſe from experience, that the writings of the moſt approved authors are liable to the ſame condemnation.

We have often ſeen our traveller driven to pitiful ſhifts to criminate the country; but, like many others, the preſent one happily proves only his own rancour and diſingenuity, not the inſincerity of Scotch or Highland narration.

But

But to follow out this matter a little further, as the Doctor builds ſo much upon it afterwards, let me ſeriouſly aſk him, if he really found ſo much improbability in the above narrations, as to make him the complete infidel he pretends? If he did, he is truly a man "*of little faith*;" of much leſs, indeed, than I ſhould have expected from the conjurer of the *Cock-lane* ghoſt, or the champion of the *ſecond ſight*.

Was the Doctor weak enough to believe, that the world would deem it a ſufficient argument to overturn any fact, that one part of its hiſtory was related by one perſon, and another part by another? Yet, by his own confeſſion, this is clearly the caſe in the preſent point in diſpute. In *England*, I preſume, and in every other country whatever, a man might receive, from different people, different parts of information concerning the ſame thing. That,

however, could be no juſt ground for charging the inhabitants with impoſition.

In ſuch a caſe, I believe, the Doctor would be ready enough to acquit the *Engliſh*, and perhaps any other nation but the Scotch. If this be ſo, it only proves, that he was ſo ridiculouſly extravagant as to expect more from the Highlanders than from any other people. But how could he imagine that every man he met with, even the moſt illiterate in other reſpects, ſhould be a complete maſter of the whole hiſtory and antiquities of his country? None but a ſnarling *Cynic* would find fault with a deficiency of this kind; and no man of a moderate degree of experience in common life would expect ſuch abſolute preciſion, even from the moſt knowing of the better ſort themſelves.

But let me interrogate my *good* friend the Doctor a little further. Did he never read

read in one hiſtorian any particular that was omitted by another? Did he ever read any two hiſtorians who were exactly the ſame? and, if they were exactly the ſame in all points, would he call their works different hiſtories? Does he think it impoſſible, that any two writers, having each the ſtricteſt regard to truth, ſhould diſagree in ſome points of narration relating to the ſame fact? and, if they ſhould ſo diſagree, does he think *that* would be a ſufficient cauſe for rejecting their authority, and impeaching their veracity, in all other caſes whatever?

If the Doctor anſwers theſe queries in a manner that is conſiſtent with the common ſenſe of mankind, he muſt drop his objections to the accounts which he received of the *brogue-makers* and *Seannachies*; unleſs he intends to maintain, that *tradition* ought to be more certain and infallible than his "faithful repoſitory" of *written hiſtory*.

If

If any thing more ſhould be wanting to convince Dr. *Johnſon* of the inconcluſiveneſs of his reaſoning, let me entreat his leave to ſtate a ſimilar caſe; for, as the *Bards* and *Seannachies* were of the domeſtic order of people, I ſhall confine myſelf to that line.

Let us ſuppoſe, then, that a traveller in England is told, that, in one houſe, there is both a *cook-maid* and a *chamber-maid*, but that, in another houſe, the ſame perſon acted in theſe two different capacities. This is exactly a parallel inſtance with that under conſideration; and none will doubt, I preſume, but there are many examples of both kinds on the ſouth-ſide of the Tweed. Where then would be the inconſiſtency in theſe different accounts? Or would it be reaſonable to infer, from ſuch a difference in the economy of different families, either that the intelligence muſt be falſe, or that the exiſtence of ſuch female

female occupations was rendered doubtful? And yet one or other of theſe muſt follow, if the Doctor's concluſions concerning the *Bards* and *Seannachies* are allowed to be juſt.

I could have illuſtrated this ſubject from the various profeſſions of the *parti-coloured* gentry; but I choſe to exemplify in the female line, as the Doctor, I am told, is more than commonly attached to the ſex, for a man of his advanced years. I ſhall leave him, therefore, to ſettle the matter with *Kate* and *Moll*, as well as he is able; and doubt not, but the "priſtine reminiſcence of juvenile jucundity" will induce him, for their ſakes at leaſt, to renounce an argument which would infallibly deprive the poor wenches of their places. Should he provoke them by his obſtinacy, I am in ſome pain for the conſequences. The Doctor's "mode of ratiocination," I am afraid, could not long hold out againſt the

the more *ſimple* but *weighty* arguments of the *ſpit* and *mop-ſtaff*.

There appears nothing in the accounts concerning the *Bards* and *Seannachies*, which ſo much *diſcouraged* the Doctor, that can either call in queſtion the belief of their own exiſtence, or throw the leaſt doubt on the hiſtories of the families in which they reſided. In moſt great houſes there was one of each; while, in ſome others, there was a Bard only. In the latter caſe, however, the accuracy of the family hiſtory could be but little affected; as the Bard, whoſe buſineſs it was to repeat the genealogies of the chiefs, and to ſing the atchievements of their anceſtors, muſt be no inconſiderable Seannachie, or antiquarian, in order to be qualified for thoſe purpoſes.

The *Bards* and *Seannachies* were not only "ſuppoſed," as Dr. *Johnſon* expreſſes himſelf,

ſelf, "to preſerve the local hiſtory," but they actually did preſerve it; and they were not only "ſaid to have been retained by every great family," but they really were retained. The truth of this does not reſt upon tradition alone. The charters of many great families bear witneſs concerning them; and they are likewiſe mentioned by many eminent writers. Both theſe, as being written authority, muſt almoſt perſuade the unbelieving Doctor himſelf to renounce his infidelity.

Mr. *Innes*, who, in general, is no great friend to the Bards, tells us, that in the thirteenth century, at the coronation of *Alexander* III., a Highland *Bard* pronounced an oration on the genealogy of the kings of Scotland. As this happened in the year 1249, before the deſtruction of ſo many of our records by Edward I. of England, and in the preſence of the three eſtates of the kingdom,

kingdom, aſſembled on that occaſion, we may naturally ſuppoſe the Bards and Seannachies of thoſe times to have been pretty accurate in their accounts; otherwiſe, it muſt have been difficult to find one who would venture to undertake ſuch a taſk. At ſo public a ſolemnity there muſt have been many preſent who could have contradicted him, if he erred in his narration; and amidſt the multitude of written teſtimonies then exiſting, he was ſure of being detected, ſuppoſing none of his auditors had been able to correct him.

The ſame author allows, in page 237, that this genealogy was one of the moſt accurate performances of the kind which had ever exiſted.

The ſame circumſtance is mentioned by all *Fordun*'s continuators, and likewiſe by *Major*.

Ammianus

Ammianus Marcellinus, book xv. page 51, ſays, "The Bards ſung the remarkable atchievements of their heroes, in verſe, to the ſweet melody of their harps."

Valeſius, who pretends to write notes on this author, betrays a groſs ignorance of his meaning, as well as of the profeſſion or employment of the Bards, when he ſays, in page 93, "that the Bards were a ſpecies of paraſites or buffoons, who diverted the ſoldiers at their banquets with their jeſts and mimical geſtures." This is a moſt falſe and ridiculous account of the matter, and entirely explains away the meaning of his author; for *Ammianus Marcellinus* ſays no ſuch thing. Beſides, it is well known that they had others who acted in the capacity he mentions; that is, *jeſters*, who likewiſe conſtituted a part of their domeſtics, as well as the Bards.

In

In page 258, the Doctor ſays, " that an old gentleman told him, that he remembered one of each," namely, a *Bard* and a *Seannachie.* There was no occaſion to make the gentleman very old to remember this much, as will ſoon be made appear. But Dr. *Johnſon* does not chuſe to ſtop here; for, in the very next page, he ſets every evidence for the exiſtence of either *Bards* or *Seannachies*, beyond all memory whatever. His words are, " I was told by a gentleman, who is generally acknowledged the greateſt maſter of *Hebridian* antiquities, that there had been once both Bards and Senachies; and that *Senachi* ſignified *the man of talk*, or of converſation; but that neither Bard nor Senachi had exiſted for ſome centuries."

Here the teſtimony of the old gentleman, who ſaid that he had ſeen both a Bard and a Seannachie, is entirely ſet aſide,

aſide, by the contrary teſtimony of another gentleman, who, as Dr. *Johnſon* ſays, told him, that none of either had exiſted for ſome centuries. I am rather apt to ſuſpect the accuracy of the Doctor's repreſentation, concerning this latter gentleman. Almoſt every man in the Highlands knows the contrary to be true; and if any one told him what he aſſerts, we may doubt his title to the character of an antiquarian. But the Doctor, with his uſual caution, conceals his author's name; which certainly was prudent, as by this means the hazard of a perſonal refutation is avoided.

It was well judged in the Doctor, however, to make his *gentleman* ſo great a maſter of *Hebridian* antiquities. By this policy he ſecures a better title to be believed; and immediately after, he makes his own uſe of what he pretends to have received from ſuch *undoubted* authority. " Whenever the practice of recitation was

diſuſed," ſays he, "the works, whether poetical or hiſtorical, periſhed with the authors; for in thoſe times nothing had been written in the *Earſe* language."

There has been occaſion to obſerve, oftener than once, that it was the great object of the Doctor's *Journey*, to find out ſome pretence or other for denying the authenticity of the ancient compoſitions in the *Gaelic* language; and now that deſign begins to unfold itſelf beyond a poſſibility of doubt. To effect his purpoſe, he takes a ſhort but very ingenious method. He finds it only neceſſary to ſay, that no Bards have exiſted for ſome centuries; that, as nothing was then written in the *Gaelic* language, their works muſt have periſhed with themſelves; and conſequently, that every thing now attributed to them, by their modern countrymen, muſt be falſe and ſpurious.

As

As the Doctor gives no authority for the facts, from which he draws this inference, he might as well have remained at home, as he ſays upon another occaſion, and have fancied to himſelf all that he pretends to have heard on this ſubject. His bare word, without leaving *Fleet-ſtreet*, would have been juſt as good as his bare word after returning from the *Hebrides*. A *Journey*, however, was undertaken; though there is every reaſon to believe, that it was not ſo much with a view to obtain information, as to give a degree of ſanction to what he had before reſolved to aſſert.

But though there had really been no Bards or Seannachies for ſuch a length of time, and though the *Gaelic* had really been an unwritten language, there is no reaſon for ſuppoſing that all the ancient compoſitions periſhed immediately with their authors. I have already ſhewn, that the practice of recitation was not formerly

confined to the Bards and Seannachies alone, and that it is not altogether diſuſed even in our own times. It muſt therefore follow, that many of their works would ſtill be preſerved by this means only, even after the Bards and Seannachies, by profeſſion, might ceaſe to exiſt.

There is no neceſſity, however, for truſting to this argument alone. I may hereafter take an opportunity of ſhewing, that the *Gaelic* has not always been an uncultivated language; which will weaken one part of the foundation on which the Doctor builds. In the mean time, I ſhall produce ſome facts to evince, that the domeſtic offices in queſtion exiſted much later than he is willing to allow; and that, I preſume, will go nigh to ſap the remaining part of his fabric.

It is not neceſſary, nor will I pretend exactly to ſay, when the office of *Seannachie*, as

diſtinct from that of *Bard*, fell into diſuſe. By this I mean only the Seannachie by profeſſion; for as to Seannachies from choice, and for the amuſement of themſelves and friends, they have always exiſted; and there are ſeveral, and thoſe not contemptible ones, both of the better and lower ſort of people, ſtill living in the country. It will be enough to ſhew, from well known facts, that the regular profeſſion of Bard, who occaſionally likewiſe officiated as Seannachie, has not been ſo long out of faſhion.

The *Macewens* had free lands in *Lorn* in Argyleſhire, for acting as Bards to the family of *Argyle*, to that of *Breadalbane*, and likewiſe to Sir *John Macdougal* of Dunolly, in 1572. The two laſt of the race were *Airne* and his ſon *Neil*.

I have now before me an Elegy upon the Death of Sir *Duncan Dow Campbel* of

Glenurchy, compoſed by *Neil Macewen*. The date, which is 1630, is in the body of the poem. How long he lived after this, I cannot take upon me to ſay; but as there is much of the hiſtory and genealogy of the family interwoven with the performance, he muſt certainly have been both *Bard* and *Seannachie*.

John Macodrum in North Uiſt, who is ſtill alive, and not a very old man, had a yearly allowance from the late Sir *James Macdonald* of Slate, which, I believe, may be ſtill continued, by the preſent Lord *Macdonald*. I have, in my poſſeſſion, many of his compoſitions, which are far from being deſtitute of merit.

I have likewiſe, in my hands, ſome poems, compoſed by one Bard *Mathonach*; in one of which he acknowledges to have received gold from the earl of *Seaforth*, at parting on board the ſhip that was to carry his

his benefactor out of the kingdom, after the battle of Sheriffmuir, in the year 1715. Another of his poems is in praiſe of the late Lord *Lovat*, who made him a preſent of a gun. Whether he was retained in the official quality of *Bard*, by either of thoſe noblemen, I cannot pretend to determine.

Many of my readers know, that one of the moſt remarkable *Bards* of modern times, was *John Macdonald*, deſcended of the family of *Keppoch* in Lochaber. He was commonly called *John Lom*; and ſometimes *John Mantach* or *Mabach*, from an impediment in his ſpeech. He compoſed as many poems as would fill a pretty large volume. A great number of them are ſtill extant, and many of them are in my poſſeſſion. Moſt of his compoſitions have great merit.

He lived from the reign of *Charles* I. to the time of king *William*. But what may

ſtartle Dr. *Johnſon* not a little, *Charles* II. ſettled a yearly penſion upon him, for officiating as his Bard. As many of his poems mention the chief tranſactions of the times, as well as the names of the princes, chiefs, and nobility, whoſe atchievements he ſung, they carry their dates in their boſoms, and fix the æra in which they were compoſed. He lived to an extreme old age, ſo that there are ſtill a few people of very advanced years who remember to have ſeen him.

But to come more cloſely to the point. I wiſh the Doctor may preſerve his temper and patience when I inform him, that *Neil Macvurich*, deſcended of the famous race of *Macvurichs*, Bards and Seannachies to the *Clanronald* family, is ſtill alive, and enjoys free lands from *Allan Macdonald* of Clanronald, as his Bard and Seannachie. This man writes the *Celtic* or *Gaelic* character, which was taught him by

by his predeceſſors, but he underſtands no other language or character whatever.

This piece of intelligence muſt equally ſurpriſe and gall our traveller; but, as the thing is true, there is no help for it. There is no fact whatever more certain or better known; and it could be atteſted by the moſt reputable people in that part of the kingdom, if the evidence of "Highland narration," which the Doctor has ſo often reprobated, could be admitted as ſatisfactory. But what is ſtill more, he might eaſily, while in the country, have had the laſt and beſt proof of what is here aſſerted, even ocular demonſtration. He might have ſeen the Bard *Macvurich*, and others, with his own eyes; and he might likewiſe have had the ſame unerring teſtimony for the exiſtence of many manuſcripts in the *Gaelic* language, for ſeveral centuries back.

This

This mode of information, however, the Doctor always avoided. It would not have anſwered the purpoſe with which he had ſet out. His plan was laid; and he never wiſhed to ſee or hear any thing that could induce him to alter it. As, therefore, he was determined to write in the very manner he has done, he has this *one* claim to virtue at leaſt, that he did not chuſe to write againſt conviction.

Theſe inſtances are but a few of many that might be given; but, I flatter myſelf, they will prove ſufficient to ſatisfy the public, if not even Dr. *Johnſon* himſelf, that his *Hebridian* antiquarian, if ſuch there was, has groſsly miſinformed him; and conſequently, that the ingenious *ſyllogiſm*, which he has formed upon that information, however agreeable to *mode* and *figure*, is not agreeable to *truth*.

Unleſs

Unleſs the Doctor would have every teſtimony rejected but his own, I hope I have given reaſons for believing, that there have been always regular *Bards* and *Seannachies* in the country, and that there are ſtill ſome of both; that the practice of *recitation* has not yet ceaſed, and that the *Gaelic* has not been an unwritten language; and, of courſe, that the Doctor's concluſion, from the oppoſite *premiſes*, does not neceſſarily follow, namely, "That the works of the ancient Bards and Seannachies, whether poetical or hiſtorical, periſhed with the authors."

In addition to what has been ſaid, I can aſſure the reader, that many poems of the Bards I have already mentioned, as well as of ſeveral others, are in my own poſſeſſion; and that many other gentlemen, in different parts of the Highlands, have likewiſe large collections, among which there are productions of very old dates. Theſe

are

are always open to the inſpection of curioſity, when a ſtranger ſignifies a deſire to ſee them; and a conſiderable number of them have been lately publiſhed, in a moderate volume, for the ſatisfaction of ſuch as may not have an opportunity of viſiting the country, and ſeeing the originals.

In regard to our hiſtorical works of any long ſtanding, I have already mentioned, that they ſuffered greatly by the ravages of *Edward* the Firſt, and of *Cromwell*. The Doctor ſtill continues to reproach us with the want of them, though he knows by what means there is ſuch a deficiency in our national annals; and that the unhappy diviſions among ourſelves, at thoſe two periods, gave an eaſy opportunity to thoſe inveterate enemies to the antiquities of *Scotland*, to deſtroy ſome part of our records, and carry off another.

As it now appears, that many of our Seannachies were alſo *Bards*, it may naturally be ſuppoſed, that much of our ancient hiſtory was in verſe. The ſame practice obtained in all other nations, in the early ages, and in the like circumſtances. Accordingly, many of our poems conſiſt of deſcriptions of battles, deaths of heroes, and conciſe narratives of other hiſtorical facts.

Page 260, he ſays, " Whether the man of talk was a hiſtorian, whoſe office was to tell truth, or a ſtory-teller, like thoſe which were in the laſt century, and perhaps are now among the *Iriſh*, whoſe trade was only to amuſe, it now would be vain to inquire." It would be far from *vain* to make this *inquiry*, were it neceſſary; but the matter has been already cleared up. The caſe is ſufficiently plain; but the Doctor generally creates doubts where there

there are none, and puzzles his reader with difficulties of his own making.

In the ſame page, he proceeds, "Probably the laureat of a clan was always the ſon of the laſt laureat. The hiſtory of the race could no otherwiſe be communicated, or retained; but what genius could be expected in a poet by inheritance?" Though the Doctor ſpeaks doubtfully of this fact, he concludes with a triumphant *query*, in the ſame confident manner as if he had proved it.

I ſhall grant him, indeed, that genius, any more than other endowments, cannot be expected to go by inheritance; and I ſhould as little think it neceſſary for the ſon of the laſt laureat, as he *wittily* calls the Highland Bard, to be a poet, as for the ſon of our *pompous* journaliſt to be a *pedant*. Sons may often poſſeſs qualities very oppoſite to thoſe of their fathers. A mere

blockhead has ſometimes, no doubt, been the ſon of a very good Bard; and there can be no reaſon why the offspring of even a Dr. *Johnſon*, though without a title by inheritance, ſhould not hereafter be diſtinguiſhed for truth, candour, good breeding, and other virtues.

If the ſon of the laſt Bard had a genius equal to the office, there is no doubt, but among a friendly and generous people, it would be reckoned an act of juſtice to prefer him to another; but if he was found deficient in that reſpect, it is evident, from the practice of the country, that he could not ſucceed. There were regular ſchools for the education of Bards, called, in the Gaelic language, *Scoil Bhairdeachd*, in which the youth, or candidates for the profeſſion, underwent a long courſe of diſcipline; and, after all this preparation, ſuch as were found incapable were always rejected. From this it would ſeem, that

thoſe

thoſe who had the ſuperintendency of thoſe ſchools paid a ſtrict regard to the judicious rule of the ancients—*naſcimur poetæ*. But more of this hereafter.

In the ſame page he ſtill goes on. "The nation was wholly illiterate. Neither Bards nor Seannachies could write or read." I wiſh the Doctor had fixed the period to which he alludes; but that, like all other points accompanied with a charge, he prudently leaves undetermined. But let him chooſe what time he pleaſes, it will be eaſy to ſhew the fallacy and unprincipled preſumption of theſe aſſertions.

The early introduction of learning into Scotland is acknowledged by all the hiſtories of Europe. In the firſt ages of Chriſtianity, for our traveller, I ſuppoſe, does not carry his obſervations back to the times of the *Druids*, our learning, no doubt, was chiefly confined to the prieſthood. But what then?

then? Will the Doctor pretend to ſay, that the caſe was then different in any other country? If he will not, I ſhould be glad to know wherein the force of his firſt aſſertion conſiſts. While we had prieſts only, the nation could not be "wholly illiterate" at any period of time.

Many inſtances have been already mentioned to prove the progreſs of literature among us, before the univerſal gloom of *Gothic* deſolation; and the Doctor himſelf acknowledges, in page 56, that ſoon after its revival it found its way to *Scotland*. Where then will he fix the period for juſtifying his preſent aſſertion? If there is truth in hiſtory, if there is truth in Dr. *Johnſon* himſelf, what he now ſays muſt appear to be unjuſt; and that the Scotch nation was not *illiterate* at any time, or in any ſenſe of the word, while other nations could pretend to have been more enlightened.

Being thus driven from his poſt, our author has no refuge but in ignorance or wilful miſrepreſentation. To a man of the leaſt dignity of mind, or ſenſe of honour, either muſt be intolerable. But let him take which ſtation he pleaſes, he will find himſelf diſappointed in both. He forfeits every pretenſion to wiſdom or to virtue; whether he prefers the weak ſhelter of the fool, or the more obſtinate retreat of the knave.

It is always with reluctance I have recourſe to any aſperity of language; but the inſolence and injuſtice of Dr. *Johnſon* demand ſome ſeverity. When a man dares to traduce a nation with ſo much indecent freedom, it would be *falſe delicacy*, indeed, not to treat him, in his turn, with all that contempt that is conſiſtent with truth. Oppoſed to a whole people, an individual ſinks into nothing; and, if he forgets the ſuperior reſpect that is due to the many, he

neceſſarily diveſts himſelf of all title to complaiſance.

As to his next aſſertion, that "neither Bards nor Seannachies could write or read," I would aſk him what he means? If it is that the ancient Bards and Seannachies could not write or read *Engliſh*, I will not diſpute the point. That language was as foreign to the old *Celtic* or *Scotch* Bards and Seannachies, as it is to the *French* or *Italian* poets and hiſtorians at this day. Will the Doctor call the latter ignorant, becauſe they neither write nor read the language of *his* country? If he will not, the abſurdity of his inſinuation againſt the former is too evident to require an anſwer on that account.

But as he told us before, and repeats it afterwards, that nothing had been written formerly in what he calls the *Earſe*, his meaning more probably is, that our Bards and Seannachies could neither write nor

read any language whatever. If this really be ſo, the anſwer is ſhort and eaſy, and I will tell him, without any ceremony, that the allegation is falſe and untrue.

As to the Doctor's *Earſe*, it has a filthy ſound, and I muſt reject it, as never being a word of ours. It is only a barbarous term introduced by ſtrangers, and ſeems to be a corruption of *Iriſh*. The Caledonians always called their native language *Gaelic*; and they never knew it by any other name.

If we go back to ſo early a period as the inſtitution of the monaſteries or abbacies of *I*, or *Iona*, *Oronſay*, and *Ardchattan*, &c. it is not to be doubted, but the uſe of letters was known in thoſe ſeminaries, as well as in other places of the like kind in Europe. Were there no poſitive proofs of the fact now exiſting, it would be abſurd to the laſt degree to deny it. Our monks muſt have underſtood the learned languages; and they muſt likewiſe have wrote them.

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This much being granted, or rather ſelf-evident, I can ſee no reaſon to prevent them from writing in their own language, more than the *religious* in all other countries. The *Gaelic* was the language in which they uſually converſed; it was that into which it behoved the learned ones to be tranſlated; and I well know it is the language by which my own leſſons or exerciſes at ſchool have been often explained to me, before I had acquired *Engliſh* enough to underſtand them otherwiſe. I ſhall proceed, however, to more poſitive proofs.

Of what has been written at *Iona*, I have heard, in particular, of a tranſlation of St. Auguſtine *De Civitate Dei*, and a Treatiſe in *Phyſic*, which is very old. The former was in the poſſeſſion of the late Mr. *Archibald Lambie*, miniſter of Killmartine in Argyleſhire; and the latter was preſerved

in the Advocates library at *Edinburgh*, where, no doubt, it is ſtill to be ſeen.

Two brothers of the name of *Bethune* were famous for the profeſſion of phyſic, in the iſlands of *Iſlay* and *Mull*; and they were deſigned, from the places of their reſidence, * *Olla Ilich* and *Olla Mulich*. They were both educated in Spain, and were well verſed in the Greek and Latin languages; but they did not underſtand one word of Engliſh.

Olla Ilich lived in the reign of *James* VI., and held free lands of his Majeſty, as one of his phyſicians. He wrote a Treatiſe in Phyſic, in the Gaelic character, with quotations from *Hippocrates*. This manuſcript was ſeen at Edinburgh ſome years ago, by a gentleman of my acquaint-

* *Olla* ſignifies a Doctor or Profeſſor in any ſcience, particularly in phyſic.

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ance, in the poſſeſſion of Dr. *William Macfarlane*, now the laird of *Macfarlane*.

One Dr. *O'Connachar* of Lorn, in Argyleſhire, wrote all his preſcriptions in *Gaelic*; and his MS. has been ſeen by many gentlemen ſtill alive in that county.

There are, at preſent, two very old manuſcripts in the poſſeſſion of a gentleman in Argyleſhire. One of them contains the Adventures of *Smerbie More*, one of the predeceſſors of the family of Argyle; who, as appears from the genealogy of that family, lived in the fifth century. The Doctor, perhaps, will not be much pleaſed to hear, that the other contains the Hiſtory of *Clanuiſneachain*, or the ſons of *Uſnoch*, a fragment in *Fingal*.

The ſame gentleman is likewiſe poſſeſſed of * Proſnachadh Catha *Chlann Domhnuill*,

* A ſpeech to cheer up the Macdonalds, when beginning the battle.

at the battle of Harlaw in 1411, compoſed by *Lachlan More Macvurich*, the Bard. This performance is in exact alphabetical order, like the Doctor's *famous* Dictionary. It contains four epithets upon every letter of the alphabet, beginning with the firſt letter, and ending with the laſt. Every epithet upon the ſame letter begins with that letter; which proves to a demonſtration, that ſome of the Bards, at leaſt, were not unacquainted with letters in that age.

In the body of the genealogy of the *Macvurich Bards*, this piece is mentioned, as the production of the abovenamed *Lachlan More*. Since I began theſe Remarks, the poem has been publiſhed by Mr. *Macdonald* in his collection, where it may be ſeen by the curious.

So far were the *Bards* from neglecting learning, that, as I have already obſerved, they had poetical ſchools *(Scoil Bhairdeachd*

deachd) regularly eſtabliſhed at *Inverneſs*, in *Sky*, and other places. In theſe they went through certain exerciſes, or pieces of trials, which were preſcribed to them. Such as did not acquit themſelves to the ſatisfaction of the proper judges, were rejected, as unqualified for the office; and this often happened, after many years ſtudy and preparation.

Their ſubject, or theſis, was often propoſed to them without any previous warning *. It was generally a ſentence, though, ſometimes, but a ſingle word; and, at other times, it was altogether unintelligible, like the Barbara, celarent, Darii, ferio, &c. in logic. Of this laſt ſort was the ſubject which *James* VI. gave to ſome

* Biſhop Leſlie obſerves, page 54. that—illis (pueris) exempla illuſtrium virorum, ad quorum ſe imitationem fingerent, rythmi cujuſdam et carminis concentu, ad voluptatem illuſtrata proponere.——

poets,

poets, as a trial of ſkill in their profeſſion *.

I can aſſert from as good authority as Dr. *Johnſon* can pretend to, that, during even the later periods, ſome of the *Macvurich* (or *Macpherſon*) race of Bards kept an academy in *Sky*, where they taught the *Greek* and *Latin* languages, as well as the *Gaelic* art of poetry.

If any ingenuous ſenſe yet remains with the Doctor, he muſt neceſſarily *feel ſore* at this account of the *Scotch* Bards. Igno-

* SUBJECT.

Snamhaid an Lach is an Fhaoilin
Da chois chapail chaoilin chorr.

ANSWER.

'D fhuaras Deoch a Laimh Ri Alba,
A Cup Airgid agus Oir;
An Aite nach do ſhaoil mi fhetin.
'S da chois chapail chaoilin chorr †.

† The poet who performed beſt was to get one cup-full of wine from the king's own hand, and another cup-full of gold, as his reward.

miny

miny and diſappointment ſtare him, at once, in the face. His impudent aſſertions are diſproved, and his darling purpoſe defeated. He muſt therefore be doubly ſtung, if he is capable of ſhame from falſehood, or of chagrin for the failure of his project.

But this *forgery* of our traveller, in aſſerting that the *Bards* were ſo very illiterate, ſeems the more extraordinary, as he acknowledges, that there were regular ſchools or colleges in *Sky*, and other places, for the education of *pipers*. His admitting this fact gives additional ſtrength to what has been advanced concerning the academies of the Bards; as it is not very likely, that a people, who were ſo attentive to an inferior art, ſhould neglect the cultivation of genius, for a more important profeſſion.

It muſt be confeſſed, however, that the ſchools of the Bards began to be conſiderably

ably upon the decline, within theſe laſt two centuries. Whether their not meeting with the uſual encouragement was owing to their preſuming too much on their own importance, to the introduction of new cuſtoms, or to their profeſſion not appearing ſo neceſſary after the revival of letters, it is not material to inquire: nor need we be more ſurpriſed, that the race of Bards is now almoſt extinct, than that we hear no longer of the Harpers, Scialachies (tale-tellers), and Jeſters of former times, or that even the bagpipe itſelf is approaching to the eve of its laſt *groans*. Our great people, like thoſe of other nations, have found out new modes of amuſement and expence, which probably, in their turn, will ſoon give way to others.

Upon the decay of their own ſeminaries at home, the Bards went to *Iriſh* ſchools of the ſame kind; the conſequence of which was, that they contracted much of the

the Iriſh poetical ſtyle, and a fondneſs for talking the Iriſh dialect of the Celtic language.

Many of our own countrymen, who were ignorant of this fact, have miſtaken ſome of the writings and compoſitions of thoſe *Iriſh-bred* Bards, for real Iriſh. Among the performances of this kind now extant, there are ſeveral which we would not heſitate to conclude to be true Iriſh, if we had not the moſt convincing proofs to the contrary.

We have a ſtriking inſtance of this in the Elegy on Sir Duncan Dow Campbel, which has been mentioned above, and was compoſed by the Bard *Macewen* in 1630. This poem is, in many places, altogether unintelligible to moſt Highlanders; though other productions of a much earlier date, as being compoſed in the *Albion* dialect of the Celtic, are perfectly underſtood. In particular,

particular, there is a MS. poem by *Macleane*'s Bard, in praiſe of *Colin* earl of Argyle, in 1529, a complete century before the Elegy, which is entirely free from the obſcurities to be found in that performance. But *Macewen* was one of thoſe Bards who reſided ſome time in Ireland. His poem is in the *Gaelic* character, and in his own hand-writing; and it is ſtill preſerved, among the papers of the family of *Breadalbane*, at Taymouth.

Beſides adopting much of the poetical language of Ireland, the Bards who went to that country for education wrote many things in imitation of Iriſh pieces. This has given occaſion to that people to claim, as their own, various compoſitions, which were in reality the productions of *Scotch* Bards.

Though I flatter myſelf, by this time, that the arrogant aſſertions of Dr. *Johnſon* will

will appear ſufficiently refuted, and conſequently, that the concluſions he ſo confidently draws from them muſt fall harmleſs to the ground; yet I ſhall ſubjoin a few obſervations more, which ſeem to offer themſelves properly in this place.

It will not be denied, I believe, that our religious ſocieties muſt have been poſſeſſed of learning. That they were ſo in an eminent degree, appears from their being in ſo great requeſt among other nations; for *that* of *Iona*, in particular, ſent profeſſors to Cologne, Luvaine, Paris, and other places. Is it therefore probable, that, while they were employed in inſtructing foreigners, their own countrymen alone ſhould remain uninformed? Such a ſuppoſition is too violent for common ſenſe.

As a proof that learning was much cultivated among us, all the abbots, priors, and

and monks, of thoſe ſeminaries, were real Highlanders. The Doctor might have been ſatisfied of this, from obſerving the names of *Macphingon* (Mackinnon) and *Mackenzie*, on the tomb-ſtones of two of the abbots of *Iona*; and the name of *Macdougall*, prior of *Ardchattan*, upon his tomb-ſtone at that place.

The ſame obſervation will hold, with regard to our nunneries. In that of *Iona*, one of the abbeſſes is deſigned, upon her tomb, in the patronymic manner, according to the cuſtom of the country. The inſcription both in *Latin* and in *Gaelic* is, —Domina Anna Donaldi Terleti filia,— Ann Ni mhic Dhonuill mhic Thearlaich. In Engliſh, it means,—Ann the daughter of Donald the ſon of Charles.

At *Oronſay*, and other places, the caſe was exactly the ſame. If therefore our religious ſeminaries, which were not a few, were

were filled with natives of the country, the nation cannot in any juſtice be ſaid to have been illiterate; though, contrary to all probability, literature had been confined to thoſe ſocieties alone. We likewiſe find, that there were monumental inſcriptions, in the *Gaelic* language, in very early periods of time. I ſee no reaſon then, if the Highlanders could cut out their language upon marble or ſtone, why they might not be able to write it upon parchment or paper.

Among other things, I might add, that as many of our kings, with their whole courts, reſided often in the Highlands, it is to be preſumed, whatever was known any where elſe, muſt have been known there alſo.

Before the time of King *Malcolm Cean More*, as may be judged from his very name, no other language but the *Gaelic*

was ſpoken in Scotland. It was in compliment to *Margaret*, the queen of that monarch, and the eldeſt ſiſter of *Edgar*, that the *Engliſh* language was firſt introduced even at court. This happened in 1068-9; and, from that æra, we may date, at leaſt in the ſouthern parts of the kingdom, the gradual decline of the *Celtic*, once the delight of all the courts of Europe.

It continued long, after this, to maintain its ground in the Highlands; but even there, at laſt, it began to be neglected to ſuch a degree, that, but for the uncommon beauties of its poetical compoſitions, it would ſcarcely have exiſted, except amongſt the vulgar alone. But, of late years, the better taſte of a few has directed the attention of others to its ſuperior excellence; and now again it begins, as it were, to recover new life.

Nothing

Nothing can more effectually illuſtrate the copiouſneſs and energy of the Gaelic language than this, that ſeveral of the poems, which have been lately publiſhed, and are now ſo much admired by the learned, were the *extempore* effuſions of ſome men, who were not otherwiſe very learned themſelves. But if, as Dr. *Johnſon* expreſſes himſelf, they were ſtrangers to the "ſplendors of ornamental erudition," they were equally ſo to that conſtraint, which is occaſioned by the unnatural fetters of modern criticiſm. Genius prevailed over art; and they have found the power to pleaſe, without any guide but nature.

To what has been already ſaid on theſe heads, I ſhall now beg leave to add the authority of Biſhop Leſlie; which moſt people, I preſume, will deem fully as good in this caſe, as that of our *intelligent* and *candid* traveller. In page 157, that learned prelate ſays, "that *Eugenius* VII., in the

year 699, took care to have many learned men aſſembled together from all parts of his dominions, and to be ſupported at his expence, who were to record not only the tranſactions or exploits of the *Scots*, but likewiſe thoſe of all other nations."

It may appear from hence, that the *Seannachies*, or hiſtorians of thoſe early times, were not an illiterate ſet of men, who could neither write nor read. When they became afterwards ſo very ignorant as the Doctor ſays, is incumbent upon him to point out; and before he urges that ignorance as a reproach, if he really can make it appear, he ought likewiſe to prove, that their ſouthern neighbours, at leaſt, were more knowing at the ſame time.

I ſhall next borrow an argument from Dr. *Johnſon*'s Journey, to confute himſelf. Through the whole courſe of this work, his own contradictions have ſerved me in much

much ſtead; and I take this opportunity of acknowledging my obligations, as the preſent aſſiſtance is none of the leaſt conſiderable.

What he ſays, in ſpeaking of *Iona* in particular, ſeems very inconſiſtent with what he has ſo lately advanced concerning the total ignorance of the country. As the paſſage is remarkable, I ſhall tranſcribe it for the ſake of thoſe who may not be poſſeſſed of his book.

"We were now," ſays he, page 346, "treading that illuſtrious iſland, which was once the luminary of the *Caledonian* regions, whence ſavage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge, and the bleſſings of religion. To abſtract the mind from all local emotion would be impoſſible, if it were endeavoured, and would be fooliſh, if it were poſſible. Whatever draws us from the power of

our ſenſes; whatever makes the paſt, the diſtant, or the future predominate over the preſent, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be ſuch frigid philoſophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wiſdom, bravery, or virtue! That man is little to be envied, whoſe patriotiſm would not gain force upon the plain of *Marathon*, or whoſe piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of *Iona*."

In theſe tranſports of a not unlaudable enthuſiaſm, the celebrity of *Iona*, as an ancient ſeat of learning, is very ſtrongly impreſſed. That title to fame muſt, indeed, be allowed to be juſt, which could extort ſuch glowing ſtrokes of eulogy from the pen of Dr. *Johnſon*; whoſe teſtimony, when favourable to *Scotland*, no one can have reaſon to ſuſpect.

It will naturally occur to every reader, that inſtitutions of this ſort, and *Iona* was but one of many, cannot afford proofs of an ignorant, rude, or barbarous people. The Doctor, by way of eminence, calls this the *luminary* of the *Caledonian* regions; and to ſhew that he does not dignify it with that appellation in vain, he ſays it was a ſource of knowledge and religion to the inhabitants of the country. It is true, he talks, as uſual, of *ſavage clans* and *roving barbarians*. But as this may be the effect of a habit, which he cannot eaſily lay aſide, and by which, perhaps, he means no great harm, I ſhall take no further notice of it at preſent, than only to obſerve, that ſuch *rough* epithets do not ſeem to be very happily choſen for the diſciples of his revered *Iona*; a ſeminary, which he extols ſo much for its wiſdom and virtue.

Without wrangling about words, therefore, it is enough for *my* purpoſe, that he

has allowed the Highlanders to have derived knowledge from *Iona*; and for his *own* purpoſe, I am afraid, that conceſſion will rather be a little too much. He will find it no eaſy matter to perſuade the public, that a nation can be "*wholly illiterate*" and *inſtructed in knowledge* at the ſame time. There is a manifeſt repugnance between theſe two; and they never can be reconciled, unleſs, contrary to the uſual interpretation of the word, it will appear, from the Doctor's Dictionary, that *knowledge* is but another term for *ignorance*.

This inconſiſtency in the Doctor's manner of writing, exceeds thoſe *marvellous* variations in the different accounts of *brogue-making*, which ſtaggered our *conſcientious* traveller ſo much, as to make him queſtion the veracity of "Highland narration." The reader will be able to judge, by this time, to which of the parties ſuch a *ſtigma* moſt properly belongs. Should

he

he think of transferring it to the Doctor, I am only afraid he may create ſome embarraſſment to himſelf. Having already ſeen ſo many of his contradictions, he muſt find him ſo *branded* all over, that he will hardly know where to ſtamp a new mark of diſgrace.

I know not what degree of force the Doctor's patriotiſm might gain upon the plain of *Marathon*; but if we are to judge of his piety from his regard to truth, it ſeems not to have grown remarkably *warm* among the ruins of *Iona*. According to his own deciſion, therefore, "he is a man little to be envied."

Having, as he thinks, though without other proof than his bare aſſertion, eſtabliſhed the non-exiſtence of literature among us, he proceeds to apply that negative doctrine to our genealogies.

Page 261, he ſays, " The recital of genealogies has never ſubſiſted within time of memory, nor was much credit due to ſuch rehearſers, who might obtrude fictitious pedigrees, either to pleaſe their maſters, or to hide the deficiency of their own memories.—Where the chiefs of the Highlands have found the hiſtories of their deſcent is difficult to tell; for no *Earſe* genealogy was ever written."

What our author means by what he calls " *within time of memory*," I am at a loſs to know. If he means the *memory of man*, in its enlarged ſenſe, he evidently contradicts himſelf in the preceding part of the ſame paragraph, where he ſays, that ſuch recitals were anciently made when the heir of the family came to manly age. If he means the *memory* of any man now living, that would be but a trifling conſideration, had it not even been already proved that the practice ſtill continues.

As

As to the rehearſers of genealogies obtruding fictitious pedigrees on their maſters, the Highlanders in general were too attentive to that branch of their antiquities, and too well verſed in what related to their own deſcent and connections in the country, to admit eaſily of ſuch an impoſition; though there had been no other means of preventing it, than by rehearſal only. But it will immediately appear, that they had other ſecurities for accuracy in that point.

When the Doctor tells us that "no *Earſe* genealogy was ever written," he ought to have told us likewiſe upon what authority he founds ſo peremptory an aſſertion. Contrary to a ſimilar falſehood of his, it has been already proved, that many other things had been written in the *Gaelic* language. It is not, therefore, likely, that a people ſo tenacious of their anceſtry ſhould leave the hiſtories of their

deſcent

deſcent unrecorded. But to preſumptive, I ſhall add poſitive proof.

I have juſt now in my poſſeſſion very complete genealogical accounts of ſix different families, *viz.* that of the Royal Houſe of *Stuart*, the family of *Argyle*, *Macdonald*, Mac Ian of *Glenco*, Macneil of *Barra*, and the Bard *Macvurich*. They are all written in the *Gaelic* language and character; and as a proof that they have ſubſiſted for a conſiderable length of time, it may be proper to inform the Doctor, that the laſt perſon mentioned in the ſecond of theſe genealogies is Archibald earl of Argyle, who ſucceeded his father in 1661.

I could appeal to many others of very ancient dates; but this much will be ſufficient as an anſwer to our traveller's equally *modeſt* and *well-founded* aſſertion, that "no *Earſe* genealogy was ever written." I

ſhall not, therefore, trouble the public with a catalogue, which appears unneceſſary. There is enough to ſatisfy the candid; and nothing, I know, will convince the captious. But ſhould any one be ſtill diſpoſed to pay leſs regard to my private teſtimony, than to that of Dr. *Johnſon*, he may be completely ſatisfied by applying, in any manner he pleaſes, to the heads of the families I have mentioned, or to any gentleman or clergyman in the country at large.

It will not, I hope, appear now ſo very "difficult to tell, where the chiefs of the Highlands have found the hiſtories of their deſcent." But though nothing of this kind had been anciently written in *Gaelic*, a man of leſs penetration than the Doctor might eaſily have conceived, that the genealogies of our great families would naturally be preſerved by the ſame means, to which

which the families of other countries owe the knowledge of their anceſtry; that is, by charters of lands, contracts of marriage, and ſuch other deeds of a public or private nature as were always recorded every where, and connected the chain of family ſucceſſion.

Page 262. " Thus hopeleſs," ſays he, " are all attempts to find any traces of Highland learning. Nor are their primitive cuſtoms and ancient manner of life otherwiſe than very faintly and uncertainly remembered by the preſent race."

After what has been advanced, *thus hopeleſs* too, I truſt, are all his malignant and impotent attempts to deſtroy either the reality or credit of Highland learning. The traces of it are not ſo obſcure as not to have been eaſily found, had ſuch a reſearch made any part of his buſineſs. But he never inquired about any monument

of

of our antiquities, among ſuch as were the ableſt to inform him. He dreaded to hear diſagreeable truths from the better ſort; and therefore he either made no inquiries at all, or contented himſelf with the intelligence of the vulgar.

As to what he ſays about the "primitive cuſtoms and ancient manner of life," his obſervation is too vague and indefinite, in point of time, to admit of an anſwer, if it otherwiſe deſerved one. Are the cuſtoms and manners of remote times otherwiſe than very faintly and uncertainly remembered by the preſent race of *Engliſh?* I believe it would puzzle the *omnipotent* genius of the Doctor himſelf, to give ſatisfactory accounts of thoſe matters at any period before the Norman conqueſt of his country, or even for ſome centuries afterwards. There is a folly in the ſubject of this remark which challenges our contempt more

more than a ſerious reply. If it proves any thing, it is the meanneſs and malignity of the author's own mind; for it ſhews, that there is nothing either ſo abſurd or trivial but he lays hold of, to form a ground of calumny againſt the *Scotch*.

In the ſame page, he ſays, "To the ſervants and dependents that were not domeſtics (and if an eſtimate be made from the capacity of any of their old houſes which I have ſeen, their domeſtics could have been but few) were appropriated certain portions of land for their ſupport. *Macdonald* has a piece of ground yet, called the Bards or Senachies field."

It is evident in this place, that the Doctor eſtimates the number of the domeſtics by a very falſe rule. What now is to be ſeen of the old houſes is generally the principal part only, and ſometimes but a portion even of that. Around the caſtle, which

which was always reſerved for the chief's own family, and ſome of their moſt particular friends, there were ſeveral ſmaller buildings for the accommodation of ſuch other branches of the clan as might occaſionally happen to be there; and on the outſide of all theſe, were the lodging-houſes of the domeſtics.

The traces of thoſe exterior buildings are ſtill viſible in many places; particularly in the neighbourhood of Lochfinlagan, at Dunivaig in *Iſla*, and at Ardtoriniſh in *Morvein*. They were likewiſe, no doubt, to be ſeen where the Doctor pretends to have made his obſervations; but he choſe to ſuppreſs that circumſtance, that he might take occaſion to diminiſh the grandeur of our ancient chieftains, in the number of their domeſtics; which was certainly much greater than in the preſent times.

His mentioning a piece of ground, belonging to *Macdonald*, which is ſtill called the Bard's or Seannachie's field, furniſhes an argument againſt himſelf. He ſaid ſome time ago, that neither Bard nor Seannachie had exiſted for ſeveral centuries; and he has ſaid lately, that primitive cuſtoms were but faintly and uncertainly remembered by the preſent race of Highlanders. Now, with all due ſubmiſſion to the Doctor, I muſt beg leave to obſerve, that, take it which way he will, the one of theſe aſſertions muſt refute the other. If the former be true, the name of the field gives one clear inſtance of their remembering a primitive cuſtom; but if the Doctor chuſes to abide by the latter, it neceſſarily brings the exiſtence of Bards and Seannachies nearer to our own times, than he had formerly admitted.

In page 267, Dr. *Johnſon* enters into a kind of diſquiſition concerning the *Earſe*, the

the vulgar appellation of the *Gaelic* language. Though he acknowledges that "he underſtands nothing of it," he pronounces it, upon an authority worſe, I ſuppoſe, than that of his *horſe-hirers*, "the rude ſpeech of a barbarous people." To perſons as ignorant of the language, and as prejudiced as the Doctor appears to be, this bold aſſertion may paſs for matter of fact. But thoſe who know the *Earſe* or *Gaelic* critically, know that our traveller has as much miſrepreſented our language as he has done our manners.

I have a ſlight knowledge, at leaſt, of ſome ancient languages; I underſtand a few living tongues; and I can aver for truth, before the world, that the *Gaelic* is as copious as the *Greek*, and not leſs ſuitable to poetry than the modern *Italian*. Things of foreign or of late invention, may not, probably, have obtained names in the Gaelic language; but every object

of nature, and every inſtrument of the common and general arts, has many vocables to expreſs it; ſuch as ſuit all the elegant variations that either the poet or orator may chuſe to make.

To prove the copiouſneſs of our tongue, it is ſufficient to aſſure the public, that we have a poetical dialect, as well as one ſuitable to proſe only, that the one never encroaches on the other; and yet that both are perfectly underſtood by the moſt illiterate, or, if the Doctor rather chuſe the word, the moſt *unenlightened* Highlanders.

The chief defect in the *Gaelic* tongue proceeds from that, which is reckoned the greateſt beauty in other languages. It has too many vowels and diphthongs, which, though ſuitable to poetry, renders the pronunciation leſs diſtinct and marked than happens in leſs harmonious and conſequently

quently more barbarous tongues. Some ignorant writers of the Gaelic have of late, it is true, briſtled over their compoſitions with too many conſonants; but theſe are generally quieſcent in the beginning and end of words, and are preſerved only to mark the Etymon.

" Of the *Earſe* language," ſays he, " as I underſtand nothing, I cannot ſay more than I have been told. It is the rude ſpeech of a barbarous people, who had few thoughts to expreſs, and were content, as they conceived groſsly, to be groſsly underſtood." If the Doctor was ever told what he has here aſſerted, it muſt have been by ſome perſon as ignorant of the language as he profeſſes himſelf to be, and conſequently ſuch authority can carry no weight. That a Highlander, who could be the only judge of the matter, ſhould have paſſed ſo unfavourable a verdict on his own language and countrymen, as to call the one a rude

ſpeech, and the other a barbarous people, is improbable to the laſt degree. We muſt ſuppoſe, therefore, that our traveller was never told ſo, or that his informer was an ignorant and preſumptuous blockhead.

It will not eaſily be believed, that the *Gaelic*, which was the language of the *Celtic* nations, can be ſo very *rude a ſpeech* as the Doctor repreſents it; or that a powerful people, who extended their dominion over all the countries between *Cape Finiſterre* and the mouth of the river *Oby*, could be ſo very *barbarous*, and have ſo *few* thoughts to expreſs. Conqueſt generally civilizes either the victors or the vanquiſhed. It is of no conſequence to inquire, what were the manners of our *Celtic* anceſtors before they left their native homes. One thing is evident,—that, after mingling with other nations, there appears no reaſon why their *Scotch* deſcendants ſhould be more barbarous than their other tribes.

In every country the public as well as private buſineſs of a people muſt be tranſacted in their native language; and that, by degrees, will improve it into elegance. I know of no inſtance to the contrary, except in England after the Norman conqueſt; where, for many centuries, the inhabitants were obliged to learn the language, and to be governed by the laws of their French invaders. Many of their legal *forms* and *phraſes*, as well as of their national cuſtoms, are ſtill French. In particular, the ceremony of paſſing bills in parliament is the ſame with that which was introduced by their foreign lords; and the *nightly* toll of the *curfew* is an everlaſting but *mournful* monument of Norman deſpotiſm and Engliſh ſubjugation.

Theſe circumſtances, no doubt, contributed greatly to retard the improvement of the Engliſh language; and accordingly we find, that it was long thought, as Dr.

Johnſon expreſſes it, but a "rude ſpeech" even by the natives themſelves; for their beſt authors, till of very late, wrote always in Latin.

The *Gaelic* was formerly the general language of all Europe. In Scotland it was long the common language, not only of the whole country, but likewiſe of the court. All the pleadings in the courts of juſtice, as well as in parliament, were anciently in Gaelic; and we have undoubted teſtimonies, that even ſo very lately as in the parliament held at Ardchattan in Argyleſhire, in the reign of the great *Robert Bruce*, it was the language in which all their debates were carried on.

It cannot ſurely appear, from theſe circumſtances, that the *Gaelic* was formerly an uncultivated tongue. If it has not received much improvement of late years, I am certain it has loſt little of what it had. It is ſtill the language of a large tract of country;

country; and there are many who write it with elegance and correctneſs.

This, I think, is as little an evidence of the *Earſe* or *Gaelic* being at preſent a "*rude ſpeech*," as the Doctor's frequent encomiums on individuals are proofs of a "*barbarous people.*"

But as it was a cuſtom with the Greek and Roman authors to call every thing rude and barbarous which did not belong to themſelves, our traveller, perhaps, may think himſelf entitled to take an equal liberty with whatever is not *Engliſh.* If the greateſt admirers of the ancients, however, cannot altogether acquit them of illiberality in that mode of ſpeaking, how ſhall we be able to find an excuſe for Dr. *Johnſon* in aſpiring to the ſame privilege? The great inferiority of *his* pretenſions heightens the offence; and what was only blameable in them,

them, becomes in him a ridiculous and unpardonable preſumption.

" After what has been lately talked," continues he in the ſame page, " of Highland Bards, and Highland genius, many will ſtartle when they are told, that the *Earſe* never was a written language; that there is not in the world an Earſe manuſcript a hundred years old; and that the ſounds of the Highlanders were never expreſſed by letters, till ſome little books of piety were tranſlated, and a metrical verſion of the Pſalms was made by the ſynod of *Argyle*."

As we have nothing here but repetitions of former aſſertions, the whole of this paſſage might be diſmiſſed, as having been refuted in other places. But I ſhall add a few things more, in confirmation of what has been already ſaid.

That

That not only poems of conſiderable length, but likewiſe genealogies of families, and treatiſes on different ſubjects, have been anciently written in the *Gaelic*, has been proved by a variety of inſtances. Let me now produce an additional teſtimony from Mr. Innes. In page 603 of his Inquiry, he mentions a chronicle of a few of our kings, from *Kenneth Macalpine* to Kenneth the Third, ſon to Malcolm the Firſt; and he ſays, that the original chronicle or hiſtory, from which that piece was extracted, ſeems evidently to have been written in the *Gaelic* language, and that ſome time too before the year 1291. He has preſerved, in his Appendix, the Latin chronicle, which is a copy of the original.

Beſides the manuſcripts already taken notice of, I could mention many more, were it neceſſary, in this place, to trouble the

the reader with a longer liſt; and other gentlemen are acquainted with a ſtill greater number than has come within my knowledge. Thoſe that yet remain afford more than a preſumptive proof, that there once muſt have been more. I have already pointed out the means, by which moſt of them were either deſtroyed or carried away; and even of ſuch as are preſerved, many, no doubt, are little heard of, by having fallen into hands that are ignorant of their contents.

From the many accidents, therefore, to which old manuſcripts are liable, it would be an unfair way of reaſoning to ſay, that becauſe they are not always to be ſeen, or becauſe every one is not acquainted with them, they never had exiſted; and yet this is the very ground upon which Dr. *Johnſon* proceeds. If the firſt perſon he chanced to interrogate did not ſay that he had ſeen the *Gaelic* original of this or that particular

ſubject,

ſubject, he inquired no further, but immediately ſet it down as a fact, that no body elſe had ever ſeen it, and that no ſuch manuſcript had ever exiſted.

At other times when he met with more intelligent people, who offered to direct him to old manuſcripts, he would not ſuffer himſelf to be convinced that any ſuch things exiſted; and if they continued to aſſert the fact, he generally broke out into an unmannerly rage, declaring, with great vehemence, that if there were any manuſcripts in the Highlands, they could not be *Gaelic*, but muſt certainly be *Iriſh*.

Thus does Dr. *Johnſon* attempt to diſprove all traces of Highland learning, by a twofold kind of method; by reſting ſatisfied, in his inquiry, with the anſwers of the ignorant; and rejecting the aſſiſtance of ſuch as were better able to inform him.

His

His ſecond aſſertion ſays, " that there is not in the world an Earſe manuſcript a hundred years old." This is ſufficiently refuted by the dates I have already mentioned, none of which are later than the year 1630; which of itſelf alone, were there none of a higher antiquity, is enough to put our author to ſilence, if not to ſhame.

Among the old MSS. of conſiderable length, I took notice particularly of two. One gives the hiſtory of *Smerbie More*, one of the anceſtors of the Duke of Argyle, who lived in the fifth century, according to a MS. genealogy of that illuſtrious family; and the other contains the hiſtory of the ſons of *Uſnoth*. They are both in the *Gaelic* language and character, and are ſo very old as to be difficult to be read. They are in the poſſeſſion of Mr. *Macintyre* of Glenoe, near Bunaw in Argyleſhire.

But

But as the Doctor may think it too great a trouble to travel again to the Highlands for a ſight of old manuſcripts, I ſhall put him upon a way of being ſatisfied nearer home. If he will but call ſome morning on *John Mackenzie*, Eſq; of the Temple, Secretary to the Highland Society at the Shakeſpeare, Covent-Garden, he will find in London more volumes in the *Gaelic* language and character than perhaps he will be pleaſed to look at, after what he has ſaid. They are written on vellum in a very elegant manner; and they all bear very high marks of antiquity. None of them are of ſo modern an origin as that mentioned by the Doctor. Some have been written more than five hundred years ago; and others are ſo very old, that their dates can only be gueſſed at, from the ſubjects of which they treat.

Among

Among theſe are two volumes which are very remarkable. The one is a large folio MS. called *An Duanaireadh Ruadh*, or the *Red rhymer*, which was given by Mr. Macdonald of Glenealladel in *Muideart* to Mr. Macdonald of Kyles in *Cnoideart*, who gave it to Mr. Macpherſon. It contains a variety of ſubjects, ſuch as ſome of *Oſſian*'s Poems, Highland Tales, &c.—The other is called *An Leabhar Dearg*, or the *Red Book*, which was given to Mr. Macpherſon by the Bard *Macvurich*. This was reckoned one of the moſt valuable MSS. in the Bard's poſſeſſion.

Since I began theſe Remarks, I have been informed by Mr. Macdonald, the publiſher of the *Gaelic* poetry, that his uncle, Mr. Lachlan Macdonald in *South-Uiſt*, was well acquainted with the laſt of theſe manuſcripts; and as that gentleman

is

is a great maſter of the Gaelic language and character, his opinion concerning its antiquity, from the character and other circumſtances, is the more to be relied upon.

To finiſh this head at preſent, let me next inform the Doctor, that the Bard *Macvurich* alone is in poſſeſſion of a greater number of *Gaelic* manuſcripts than the Doctor perhaps would chooſe to read in any language. At the earneſt and repeated requeſt of Mr. *Macdonald*, the publiſher juſt mentioned, the Bard has been at laſt prevailed upon to open his repoſitories, and to permit a part of them to be carried to *Edinburgh*, for the ſatisfaction of the curious, and the conviction of the incredulous. I myſelf have ſeen more than a *thouſand* pages of what has been thus obtained, as have hundreds beſides; and Mr. *Macdonald* aſſures me, that what he has

got leave to carry away, bears but a very ſmall proportion to what ſtill remains with the Bard.

It ſeems almoſt unneceſſary to mention that all thoſe manuſcripts are in the *Gaelic* language and character. Some of them have ſuffered greatly by bad keeping; but many more by the ravages of time. The character of ſeveral is allowed by all, who have ſeen the manuſcripts, to be the moſt beautiful they had ever beheld.

From all this, let the public judge of the truth of the Doctor's third aſſertion in the laſt cited paragraph, "That the ſounds of the Highlanders were never expreſſed by letters till ſome little books of piety were tranſlated, and a metrical verſion of the Pſalms was made by the ſynod of *Argyle*."

Had he made the proper inquiries, he would have found that Mr. *Robert Kirk*, miniſter

miniſter of *Balquidder* in Perthſhire, had wrote a *metrical verſion* of the Pſalms prior to that of the ſynod of *Argyle*. The ſame gentleman likewiſe wrote a *Gaelic* Vocabulary, which is mentioned, I think, in *Lhuyd*'s Archæologia Britannica; and from which I have ſome extracts. But long before all this, there was publiſhed a *Gaelic* Treatiſe on Religion by Biſhop *Carſwell* of Argyle.

More inſtances might be given; but theſe, or any one of them indeed, muſt as effectually deſtroy the veracity of the Doctor's aſſertion, as if a hundred had been produced.

Though it has already appeared that much has been written in the *Gaelic*, and there has, no doubt, been much more than we are now able to diſcover, I am ready to admit that an equal proportion has not been printed in that language, as in moſt

others. That, however, is eaſily accounted for. Before publiſhing in vernacular languages was much uſed in Europe, the Royal Houſe of *Scotland* had ſucceeded to the crown of *England*. That event naturally induced men either of ambition or genius to repair to the ſeat of government, and rendered a more general cultivation of the Engliſh language neceſſary. As therefore every perſon of any note in the Highlands underſtood the Engliſh perfectly, there could be no great encouragement for many publications in another language, which the poorer ſort only had occaſion to purchaſe. Beſides, as I obſerved before, it was thought at one time good policy to ſuppreſs the *Gaelic*, though afterwards it has appeared to be a very bad one.

In the ſame page, our author proceeds, "Whoever therefore now writes in this language, ſpells according to his own perception

ception of the ſounds, and his own idea of the power of the letters. The *Welch* and the *Iriſh* are cultivated tongues. The Welch, two hundred years ago, inſulted their *Engliſh* neighbours for the inſtability of their orthography; while the *Earſe* merely floated in the breath of the people, and could therefore receive little improvement."

Nothing can be more falſe than what is here ſaid of the uncertainty of *Gaelic* orthography. It has a regular and eſtabliſhed ſtandard, as is well known to many gentlemen of taſte, candour, and curioſity, who, though not natives of the Highlands, have been at much pains to become acquainted with our language. I ſhall only appeal to two reſpectable evidences, namely, General Sir *Adolphus Oughton* and Sir *James Foulis*. Theſe gentlemen will give a very different account of the matter from

that which is exhibited by Dr. *Johnſon*; and yet they cannot be ſuſpected of any national partiality for the *Gaelic*, as Sir *Adolphus* is an *Engliſhman*, and Sir *James* a South-country *Scot*.

This much, together with the proofs already given of ſo many manuſcripts, treatiſes, and books in the *Gaelic* language, is ſufficient to ſhew what truth is in the Doctor's aſſertion, that our language has merely floated in the breath of the people. It would be unneceſſary, therefore, to enlarge upon this branch of his doctrine.

In allowing the *Welch* and *Iriſh* to be cultivated tongues, our author ſeems not aware that he is paying an indirect compliment to the *Gaelic* at the ſame time. The Welch has ever been acknowledged to be a dialect of the Celtic or Gaelic; and Mr. *Lhuyd*, a learned and worthy Welchman,

who travelled over all the Highlands, ſays, in a letter of his to Mr. *Rowland*, author of *Mona Antiqua*, and publiſhed towards the end of that work, that "about two-thirds of the Scots Gaelic is the ſame with the Welch." As to the *Iriſh*, it is well known to every proper judge to have a ſtill greater affinity to our language; for the *Albion* and *Iriſh* Gaelic differ not perhaps ſo much from each other as any two dialects of the Greek.

But without meaning to derogate from the *Welch* and *Iriſh* languages, I ſhould be glad to hear the Doctor explain in what particular ſenſe he calls them cultivated tongues. If it is only becauſe they form the common ſpeech of their reſpective countries, the *Gaelic*, in that reſpect, ſtands upon an equal footing. I have heard of no memorable hiſtories, no ſyſtems of philoſophy or politics, which have been pub-

liſhed in either of thoſe languages. There are Welch and Iriſh tranſlations of the Bible, and perhaps of ſome other ſmall tracts, ſuch as the Doctor calls "little books of piety;" and printing, I believe, has not yet been carried much further in any of them. As therefore the *Gaelic* enjoys all theſe advantages at leaſt, it ſeems to have equal pretenſions to ſtability.

Page 269. "That the Bards could not read more than the reſt of their countrymen, it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe; becauſe, if they had read, they could probably have written; and how high their compoſitions may reaſonably be rated, an inquirer may beſt judge by conſidering what ſtores of imagery, what principles of ratiocination, what comprehenſion of knowledge, and what delicacy of elocution he has known any man attain who cannot read."

Here

Here the Doctor ſeems determined to go to the root of the matter at once. It was neceſſary for his deſign to make the Bards appear incapable of recording their own compoſitions, by aſſerting that they could neither read nor write; but as that alone would do but half his buſineſs, he reſolves to go a *little* further. Among his readers there might be ſome *ſaucy* folks, who might take upon them to doubt that the Bards could *always* be ſo very illiterate, if there was any learning in the country. The leaſt ſuſpicion of this kind would have marred the whole plot; and therefore it became abſolutely indiſpenſible, with the next daſh of his pen, to make the reſt of their countrymen as ignorant as he had made the Bards themſelves. As this needs no further comment, I ſhall leave the Doctor, with all the benefit he can derive from pleading the *law of neceſſity*, to receive the verdict of the public.

As

As it has ſo often appeared that Bards could both read and write, the pompous jargon, which cloſes the above quotation, cannot apply to them, and conſequently is only ſo much ink ſpilt. But, though the inference deduced therefrom by no means affects the Bards, there is a fallacy in the reaſoning, which deſerves to be noticed.

I am as ready to admit the general advantages which reſult from books, as our *book-compiling* journaliſt himſelf; but I cannot agree with him in thinking, that the exerciſe of the mental powers depends entirely upon their aſſiſtance. True genius ſprings from nature: it is her gift alone: it may be improved by reading, but never can be ſupplied. Every age and country has furniſhed inſtances of men, who, by dint of natural talents alone, have acquired a diſtinction, which others could never attain

tain with their *loads* of learned lumber. Even the wilds of America have produced orators; and poets have flouriſhed beneath arctic ſkies. In the harangues of the *Indian*, there have been diſcovered "principles of ratiocination," and a "delicacy of elocution," that would not diſgrace a *Cicero*; and, in the free effuſions of the *Scandinavian* muſe, there are often "ſtores of imagery," which would equally enrich and adorn the moſt laboured compoſitions of Dr. *Johnſon*.

In the ſame page, our traveller proceeds: "The Bard," ſays he, "was a barbarian among barbarians, who, knowing nothing himſelf, lived with others that knew no more."—To know but little is a misfortune; but to know *nothing* is the full meaſure of miſery complete.

At what time the whole country was in this forlorn ſtate of combined ignorance and

and barbarity, is not very eaſy to tell. If it was before the eſtabliſhment of *Iona*, which he extols ſo much for learning and virtue, the Doctor, I am afraid, ſpeaks from conjecture; for the period is ſo very diſtant, that he could aſcertain but little of the true condition of our anceſtors before that time. But if it was afterwards, let me aſk him, what becomes now of thoſe "benefits of knowledge," and thoſe "bleſſings of religion," which he allows the clans, in p. 346, to have derived from that luminary of the *Caledonian* regions? That ſurely was an unprofitable knowledge, which left the people ignorant; and that a feeble religion, under which they ſtill remained barbarians.

In page 270, he mentions an illiterate poet lately in the Iſlands, who, among other things, had compoſed a dialogue, of which he heard a part tranſlated by a young lady

in

in *Mull*, and thought it had more meaning than he expected from a man totally uneducated. Though this is but a faint way of acknowledging the merits of the dialogue, the anecdote furniſhes one ſtrong objection to his late doctrine, concerning the total incapacity of men who could not read. He ſeems ſenſible of this; and, to evade the force of it, he endeavours to account for the fact by telling us, that this man "had ſome opportunities of knowledge; he lived among a learned people."

This, however, is only changing his object with removing the difficulty; for, as through the whole of his *Journey*, contradiction follows the Doctor like a ſhadow, in attempting to avoid one abſurdity, he here falls plump into another. To derogate from the native genius of *one* poor poet, he now makes the *whole* Iſlanders a learned people; though, at other times,

to

to give the greater weight to his own miſrepreſentations, he mentions them in a different language. In particular, we cannot have forgot how he characteriſes them in p. 256, 257. He there ſays, they are an illiterate people; that they have neither ſhame from ignorance, nor pride in knowledge; neither curioſity to inquire, nor vanity to communicate.

He next tells us, that there is an antipathy between our language and literature; and that "no man that has learned only *Earſe* is, at this time, able to read."—This antipathy, I believe, exiſts no where but in the Doctor's brain; and it has been already ſhewn, that many who had "learned only *Earſe*" have, at all times, been able both to read and write. Such people correſpond regularly in the *Gaelic* language.

His

His remarks upon the different dialects of the *Gaelic* ſeem hardly to merit notice. If that circumſtance be a defect, it has been the fate of all languages, even the moſt poliſhed. The *Greek* had many dialects; and, I believe, there is not a province in *France*, or a county in *England*, at this day, that has not many words and modes of pronunciation which are not well underſtood in others. The inconveniency, however, has the ſame remedy in the *Gaelic* as in other languages; there is a written diction, which pervades all dialects, and is underſtood in every iſland.

In p. 271, he ſays, "In an unwritten ſpeech, nothing that is not very ſhort is tranſmitted from one generation to another. Few have opportunities of hearing a long compoſition often enough to learn it, or have inclination to repeat it ſo often as is neceſſary

neceſſary to retain it; and what is once forgotten is loſt for ever."

Having already given ſo many proofs that the *Gaelic* is not "an unwritten ſpeech," I might ſave myſelf the trouble of any particular remarks upon this paſſage; but as there is ſomething ſpecious in the argument, which might impoſe upon unwary readers, a few collateral obſervations may not be improper.

Though nothing had ever been written in the *Gaelic*, the manners and cuſtoms of the Highlanders were peculiarly adapted for preſerving the various productions in their language. The conſtant practice of recitation, which is not yet altogether diſuſed, gave them "opportunities of hearing a long compoſition often enough to learn it;" and their deſire to amuſe themſelves

ſelves in the ſolitudes of hunting, or a paſtoral life, as well as to bear their part in ſocial entertainments, gave them "inclination to repeat it as often as was neceſſary to retain it."

In this manner did the inhabitants of every village and valley ſupply to themſelves the want of the more faſhionable amuſements of towns and cities, and wear off the winter evenings alternately in each other's houſes; and in this manner have many things, "not very ſhort," partly written and partly not written, been "tranſmitted from one generation to another."

By theſe means, there was no great danger of any thing being ſo far forgotten as to be "loſt for ever;" for if any *one* perſon ſhould forget a particular part, there were always *thouſands* who remembered the whole. Beſides, in poetical compoſi-

tions, it is well known that the memory is greatly aſſiſted by the cadence and rhyme; and as to ſuch pieces of any length as we have in proſe, they are the more eaſily retained, as they generally conſiſt of a variety of *epiſodes*, depending on each other, and highly adapted to captivate the fancy.

Among the latter kind are our *Tales*, which are, for the moſt part, of conſiderable length, and bear a great reſemblance to the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*. One of thoſe, in particular, is long enough to furniſh ſubject of amuſement for ſeveral nights running. It is called *Scialachd Choiſe Ce*, or Cian O Cathan's Tale; and though *Scialachies*, or tellers of tales by profeſſion, are not now retained by our great families, as formerly, there are many ſtill living, who can repeat it from end to end, very accurately.

This

This cannot appear improbable to thoſe who conſider, how much the memory is ſtrengthened and improved by frequent uſe. When duly and conſtantly exerciſed, it is capable of ſurpriſing exertions; and we have ſometimes read of inſtances, which amount even to prodigies.

I myſelf once knew a man, who, I am certain, could repeat no leſs than 15,000 lines; and there is now living one *poet Macintyre*, who can repeat ſeveral thouſands. This man is altogether illiterate, though not a deſpicable poet. Beſides remembering many of the compoſitions of others, and likewiſe of his own not yet publiſhed, he lately dictated, from memory, as many ſongs, compoſed by himſelf, as fill a ſmall volume of 162 pages, and amount to upwards of 4000 lines.

There is no doubt, but, in ages when the Highlanders had fewer avocations than

at preſent, there have been inſtances of memory among them as far ſuperior to thoſe now mentioned, as they are to *that* of Dr. *Johnſon*; whoſe weakneſs of retention ſeems to be ſo great, that he often forgets in the next page what he has advanced in the preceding.

But, if more ſeems neceſſary, I muſt requeſt the Doctor to call to mind what was ſaid in anſwer to his attack upon the Poems of Oſſian, by *W. Cambrenſis*, in the St. James's Chronicle of the 23d of March, 1775. "I preſume," ſays that gentleman, "the Doctor muſt remember boys at ſchool, who would repeat one or all the Eclogues, or a Georgic of Virgil. I can with truth aver, and what many will affirm, that there are ſeveral perſons in *Wales*, who can repeat the tranſactions (however fabulous) of *Arthur* and his *mil-wyr*, i. e. his thouſand heroes, which are as long as the

the Poems of Offian." A little after, he adds, "We have ſtill extant in the ſame manner, *i. e.* handed down by tradition, ſome of the poems of *Talieſyn pen Byrdd*, *i. e.* the Chief of Bards, or Poets, in the *Welch* language, and they not inferior to modern poetry of high eſtimation. *Talieſyn* flouriſhed in the year 500."

The practice of committing much to memory ſeems to be very old, and probably was borrowed from the *Druids*, who, as we are aſſured by authors of credit, were obliged to get 20,000 lines by heart, before they were judged fit to exerciſe their office; for it was an eſtabliſhed maxim among them, never to commit any of their religious tenets to writing. I hope the Doctor will not conſider it as an affront, that I have taken the liberty to mention an hiſtorical fact, which a man of his *profound erudition* might be ſuppoſed to know.

In the ſame page, he goes on: "I believe there cannot be recovered, in the whole *Earſe* language, five hundred lines, of which there is any evidence to prove them a hundred years old. Yet I hear that the father of Oſſian boaſts of two cheſts more of ancient poetry, which he ſuppreſſes, becauſe they are too good for the *Engliſh*."

I ſhall make no other anſwer to the firſt part of this paſſage, than by referring the reader to the numerous manuſcripts, volumes, and dates, which have been already mentioned. As to the anecdote relative to Mr. Macpherſon, whom our traveller ſarcaſtically terms the Father of Oſſian, I am glad to have it in my power to expoſe its falſehood, by the moſt direct and unequivocal proof.

Though I had found ſo many reaſons to doubt the credit of Dr. Johnſon's *bare* aſ-

ſertion,

ſertion, and though the general character of the gentleman he accuſes, rendered it highly improbable that he could have expreſſed himſelf in terms ſo inconſiſtent with moderation, if not with prudence and good ſenſe, yet I was deſirous, in a point ſo very delicate, to have ſomething poſitive to produce. As I had not the pleaſure of Mr. Macpherſon's acquaintance, I requeſted the favour of one of his friends, to whom I am known, to deſire him to give a *true* ſtate of the matter. He was obliging enough to comply; and Mr. Macpherſon's anſwer was nearly in theſe words:

" Dr. Johnſon has either been deceived himſelf, or he wittingly deceives others. That I might have ſaid in company, that there ſtill remained many poems in my hands *untranſlated*, is not improbable, as the fact is true; but that I ſhould have accompanied that aſſertion with a ſarcaſm

on the Engliſh nation, is *impoſſible*; as I have all along moſt thoroughly deſpiſed and deteſted thoſe narrow principles, which ſuggeſt national reflections to illiberal minds. I have lived in England long; I have met with public favour; I have experienced private friendſhip; and, I truſt, I ſhall not, like ſome others, ſpeak diſreſpectfully of the bulk of a nation, by whom, as individuals, I have been uniformly treated with civility, and from whom I have often received favours. As I never courted the friendſhip, nor was ambitious of the company, of Dr. Johnſon, he cannot authenticate the aſſertion, from his *own* knowledge; and if he received the anecdote from others, they either flattered his prejudices, or impoſed upon his weakneſs."

Page 272, he gives ſuch an account of Highland narration, as plainly diſcovers what ſort of people he interrogated. In one

one place, he ſays, " The inhabitants knowing the ignorance of all ſtrangers in their language and antiquities, perhaps are not very ſcrupulous adherents to truth." Soon after, he adds, " They have inquired and conſidered little, and do not always feel their own ignorance. They are not much accuſtomed to be interrogated by others, and ſeem never to have thought upon interrogating themſelves."

After what we have heard the Doctor ſay before, in favour of the clergy and better ſort of people, it is evident he can here mean only the vulgar. What, then, are we to think of a man who could be weak enough to expect accurate intelligence from that claſs of the inhabitants, and afterwards be ſo very diſingenuous as to characteriſe the whole country from *their* meaſure of knowledge? Their anſwers, I allow, could not always be ſatisfactory

and juſt; but yet, though ſuch poor people could have little elſe than the received traditions of the country to aſſiſt them, it is ſimply impoſſible they ſhould always be in the wrong. It was when their anſwers came neareſt to the truth, that they were moſt offenſive to Dr. *Johnſon*. A genuine account of the facts did not ſuit his purpoſe, and therefore it became neceſſary to diſparage the teſtimony he received. To effect this, a double charge of *ignorance* and *deceit*, in the inhabitants, is made uſe of, though any one of them would have been ſufficient. But it has been all along the peculiar misfortune of our traveller to overact his part; ſo that by endeavouring to be too ſecure, he has often defeated his own views.

To corroborate the above remarks, the Doctor calls in the teſtimony of his friend and fellow-traveller. "Mr. Boſwell,"

continues he, " was very diligent in his inquiries; and the reſult of his inveſtigations was, that the anſwer to the ſecond queſtion was commonly ſuch as nullified the anſwer to the firſt."

Though Mr. James Boſwell was the *fidus Achates* of our " Peregrinator," his attendance and ſervices are ſeldom " commemorated" in the work now under conſideration. The laſt time he was mentioned, we found him employed in the notable exploit of " catching a cuddy;" now he is brought in by the head and ſhoulders, as an evidence againſt Highland narration. This ſullen ſilence of our author, relative to his friend, is but a ſcurvy kind of behaviour towards a man, who evidently wiſhed, that his *jolly-boat* might be carried down in tow, along the tide of time, by this *firſt-rate* man of letters.

Mr. Boſwell, it ſeems, has made ſeveral attempts to place his own ſtatue in one of the niches in the temple of Fame. He too, like our traveller, wrote "a Journey." In a violent epiſode in his work, he has introduced his *learned friend* in the character of a legiſlator among the wilds of *Corſica*. There is more of ridicule, than of applauſe, in making a man, who has not the leaſt command over his own paſſions, "the fabricator of a ſyſtem of polity to an infant ſtate." But I dare ſay, that Mr. Boſwell was ſerious; and that what ſome might conſider as an injudicious piece of adulation, was actually the reſult of a fixed admiration of the talents of his literary friend.

The return made by this literary friend is more ſuitable to his own malevolence, than to his gratitude to Mr. Boſwell. That gentleman's polite acquieſcence, he has moſt probably perverted, in this place, to a proof of a fact, which he was reſolved,

at

at all events, to eſtabliſh. Mr. Boſwell, it is well known, is as abſolute a ſtranger to what Doctor *Johnſon* calls the Earſe language, as the Doctor himſelf; and, conſequently, the latter might as well have taken his *own* opinion upon the ſubject, as to have called in the aid of his fellow-traveller's teſtimony.

There is, however, a degree of judgment, though none of candour, in the Doctor's conduct upon this occaſion. The ſuppoſed teſtimony of a native, who muſt have had a natural attachment to his own country, could not fail to ſtrengthen the probability of facts, tending to throw diſcredit on Scotland. In this light, even the acquieſcence of Mr. Boſwell was blameable; as he might have perceived the drift of the Doctor's query. Good-nature may be ſometimes carried to an extreme that is culpable. To this weak, though amiable virtue, we are willing to aſcribe Mr. Boſwell's conduct; and not to a deſire of ſa-

orificing every thing to the prejudices of a literary *Moloch*, whom he ſeems to have too much worſhipped.

Page 273. " We were a while told," ſays the Doctor, " that they had an old tranſlation of the Scriptures; and told it till it would appear obſtinacy to inquire again. Yet by continued accumulation of queſtions we found, that the tranſlation meant, if any meaning there were, was nothing elſe than the *Iriſh* Bible."

When the Doctor acknowledges that he was ſo repeatedly told of an old tranſlation of the Scriptures in the *Gaelic* language, and at the ſame time avows his own obſtinacy in diſbelieving the fact, he gives a ſtriking proof how difficult it was to convince him of any thing in favour of the country. A ſtubborn incredulity in ſuch circumſtances, and a reſolution *not* to be perſuaded, is one and the ſame thing. If

he was to reject all teſtimony, I would beg leave to aſk him, in what manner he could propoſe to be ſatisfied? He could not ſurely be abſurd enough to imagine, that every perſon, who mentioned the exiſtence of ſuch a manuſcript tranſlation, ſhould be able to prove his aſſertion, by producing a copy. It was a work of too great length and labour to be looked for in private hands.

That there was ſuch a tranſlation, is beyond all doubt. It was lately in the library of *Archibald* Duke of *Argyle*; and it is ſtill, no doubt, in the poſſeſſion of his ſucceſſors. It was never printed, for reaſons already obſerved. Before the two kingdoms fell under the ſway of one ſovereign, there was little printed any where in vernacular tongues. After that period, a kind of policy was adopted, though ſince found to be a bad one, for refuſing any public encouragement to the *Gaelic* language,

guage, that the lower ſort of people in the Highlands might be under a neceſſity of learning the *Engliſh*. The intention was, to aboliſh the chief national diſtinction between the inhabitants of both kingdoms, and aſſimilate them more to each other, by an uniformity of ſpeech. This, for a long time, prevented any publication of conſequence from appearing in our language. But the error has been at length diſcovered; and now the *Gaelic*, by degrees, has begun to find employment for the preſs.

With regard to the other portions of Scripture, I ſhall refer the Doctor to Mr. *Pennant*'s Tour in 1769. In page 134 of the Appendix, he will find, that "*Gilbert Murray* archdeacon, afterwards biſhop of Murray, tranſlated the Pſalms and Goſpels into the *Iriſh* language and *Scots* Gaelic, in the 12th century." He may here obſerve, that the Iriſh language and the

Scots

Scots Gaelic are uſed as ſynonymous terms. This, I have already taken notice, is a very improper way of ſpeaking; but as it has been ſometimes a practice, on account of the very inconſiderable difference between theſe two dialects of the ancient *Celtic*, to expreſs the one by the other, it is ſufficient to deſtroy the effect intended by our traveller, from the authority of *Martin*, in the following paſſage.

" We heard," he goes on, " of manuſcripts that were, or that had been in the hands of ſomebody's father, or grandfather; but at laſt we had no reaſon to believe they were other than Iriſh. Martin mentions Iriſh, but never any Earſe manuſcripts, to be found in the iſlands in his time."

The Doctor repeats the ſame thing ſo often, that, in following him through the progreſs of his *Journey*, I find myſelf likewiſe

wiſe led into tautologies, for which I muſt beg the reader's indulgence.

Had he inquired of the proper people, he would not have heard ſuch a vague account of manuſcripts, as that they only "were, or had been in the hands of ſomebody's father, or grandfather." He would have met with gentlemen, who could have ſhewn him there were manuſcripts in their *own* hands; and that they had been tranſmitted in their families, through the *hands* of a long ſeries of *forefathers*. But the laugh, which the Doctor means to excite, by this mode of expreſſion, is loſt in the improbability of the fact which he relates. We behold, therefore, the harmleſs but pitiful trick of an *old* man, who hopes, but without effect, to cheat his reader into the belief of a fiction, by an attempt to put him firſt in good humour.

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Though the manuſcripts I have already mentioned are ſufficient to eſtabliſh the antiquity, as well as the great diverſity of writing in the *Gaelic* language, I ſhall here add a few obſervations more; and hope it will be the laſt time I ſhall have occaſion to reſume any diſcuſſion on the ſame ſubject.

There are ſtill many other manuſcripts in the Highlands, both in verſe and proſe, which are of great antiquity, and of which I ſhall take notice only of a few.

Among the former, in particular are, a poem called *Côachac na Srôna*, and the *Aged Bard's Wiſh*, both of which have been lately publiſhed. Theſe, with a variety of others, ſeem to go as far back as the ages of hunting; for they contain not the ſmalleſt alluſion to agriculture, or any of the modern arts of life. Among other circumſtances of a very ancient

nature, ſome of them make frequent mention of a ſpecies of *deer*, which has been extinct in the Highlands for ſome centuries; and of which we know nothing now but from theſe poems, and from their huge heads and horns, which are often dug up in our bogs and moſſes. Many will underſtand, that the creature I mean is the Lŏn; which was probably a ſpecies of the elk or mooſe deer.

But to relieve our peregrinator, at once, from his "*wild-gooſe chace*" after manuſcripts, of which he could *only* learn that they formerly had been in *ſomebody*'s hands, I will refer him to two gentlemen, who will give him a more poſitive information. Dr. *Alexander Campbel* in Argyleſhire will, among other things, make him acquainted with a very old MS. in *Gaelic* character, which makes a large volume of a quarto ſize; and which, with a variety

of

of other ſubjects, gives a particular account of the *feuds* which had formerly ſubſiſted between the families of *Fion* (or Fingal) and *Gaul*.

Dr. *Campbel* is, in every other view, a very reſpectable character; and his great age, being now upwards of eighty years, has enabled him, in particular, to acquire a very extenſive knowledge of the antiquities of his country. He was told by his father, the celebrated Mr. *Colin Campbel* miniſter of *Ardchattan*, a man eminent for learning in general, and for mathematical and antiquarian knowledge in particular, that the greateſt part of the books of value belonging to *Iona*, in the latter centuries, were carried to *Doway* in French *Flanders*; where the *Scots* had a ſeminary, which ſtill continues. Here the curious will, no doubt, find ſomething worth the trouble of inquiry.

The other gentleman I intend to mention, and who, after the many teſtimonies already produced, ſhall be the laſt authority I will advance on the ſubject of *Gaelic* manuſcripts, is Mr. *Maclachlan* of Kilbride. He has been eſteemed, and very deſervedly, one of the greateſt antiquarians, of his time, in the Highlands; and our traveller will find in his family a variety of *Gaelic* manuſcripts and fragments, which have been tranſmitted, from father to ſon, for many generations.

As for the antiquity of learning and writing in general, in Scotland, it is univerſally acknowledged by all nations; and notwithſtanding the many misfortunes which have befallen the works of our learned men, there ſtill remain convincing proofs, that we had our full proportion of them in former times. I ſhall but ſlightly touch upon a few particulars.

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The Doctor will ſtartle, perhaps, when he is told, that *Gildas* was born at *Dunbarton*, which is ſtill the capital of a Highland county.—*Cumineus* and *Adamnanus* were abbots of *Iona*; and beſides the Life of St. *Columba*, they wrote other hiſtorical treatiſes. They flouriſhed above eleven hundred years ago; and their writings that remain are ſuſtained as genuine by all the learned in Europe. They wrote before the Saxon hiſtorian *Bede*. Could we recover more of what has been anciently written at *Iona*, there is good authority for believing, that we ſhould find the lives, deaths, and chief actions of their kings, who, before the union of the *Scottiſh* and *Pictiſh* kingdoms, uſed to be crowned and buried there, recorded by thoſe and other *religioniſts* of that renowned ſeminary.

An author of the 12th century mentions *Scots* records, as then reckoned an-

cient. He was cotemporary with *Andrew* biſhop of *Caithneſs*, who died in 1185, and is quoted by *Camden*. This writer, in a deſcription of *Albany*, the ancient name of Scotland, ſpeaks of our hiſtories to this effect. " We read," ſays he, " in the hiſtories and chronicles of the ancient Britons, and in the ancient atchievements and annals of the Scots and Picts, &c."— This, I preſume, will ſatisfy the moſt ſcrupulous, that writings, which could be called ancient by an author of the 12th age, muſt have been of no ſhort ſtanding.

In the laſt cited page, " I ſuppoſe," ſays our traveller, " my opinion of the Poems of Oſſian is already diſcovered." Indeed! —There is no need, ſurely, for a very uncommon degree of penetration to make this diſcovery. The *cloven foot* has appeared long ago; and a man muſt be very dull, who could not perceive which way it

it pointed. To render the authenticity of thoſe poems ſuſpicious, was the great object of his *Journey*; and to facilitate the execution of that project, has he *toiled* ſo much before-hand in diſcrediting Highland learning and narration. How far he has ſucceeded in the preparatory part, the public will judge from what has gone before; with what effect he now makes a more direct attack upon the poems themſelves, will appear from what follows.

I ſhall only premiſe, that I will not here, as on other occaſions, quote the particular objections of our traveller, and anſwer them one by one; but continue the thread of obſervation, without any interruption, and with as little perſonal application as poſſible. The malignity of a few others, the prejudices of ſeveral, and the weakneſs of many have ſuggeſted ſimilar objections to the authenticity of *Oſſian*'s

Poems,

Poems, which have lately come to my hands. I ſhall therefore endeavour to obviate the whole upon the ſame general ground.

The concurrent teſtimony of a whole people, and the evidence of many reſpectable individuals, laid before the public by that elegant writer and reſpectable clergyman, Dr. *Blair*, have been found incapable, it ſeems, to ſatisfy the minds of men, who are unwilling to give credit to any thing calculated to reflect honour on the anceſtors of the *Scotch* nation. To perſuade ſuch men of the truth of any fact, which they are reſolved *not* to believe, is beyond my wiſh, as well as my expectation. But as many candid and well-meaning perſons have been ſeduced into an error, by the bold aſſertions of the prejudiced and incredulous, I ſhall examine, in a ſuccinct manner, the objections on which they found their want of faith.

Some derive an objection to the authenticity of *Oſſian*'s Poems, from an alleged ſupercilioufneſs in Mr. *Macpherſon*, in refuſing ſatisfaction, on that head, to every writer, with or without a name, who chooſes to demand that ſatisfaction, at the bar of the public. Though I am told that ſupercilioufneſs is no part of Mr. *Macpherſon*'s character, I think he has a right to aſſume it on ſuch occaſions. To anſwer the queries of the prejudiced would have no effect; and there can be no end to ſolving the difficulties ſtarted by the ignorant. The moſt loud and clamorous are generally thoſe who are leaſt entitled to ſatisfaction; and were Mr. *Macpherſon* to deſcend into a controverſy, upon a mere matter of fact, he would, in a manner, leave truth to the deciſion of ſophiſtry.

Mr. *Macpherſon* has done all that could, or ought to be expected. He has never refuſed

refuſed the examination or peruſal of his manuſcripts to perſons of taſte and knowledge in the *Celtic* language. Theſe are the beſt, if not the only judges of the ſubject; and as theſe are perfectly ſatisfied as to the authenticity of the poems, Mr. *Macpherſon* has a right to be totally indifferent to the incredulity of others.

To extend the opportunity of judging for themſelves, to ſuch as are converſant in the language of the ancient *Scots*, and yet have no opportunity of examining Mr. *Macpherſon*'s originals, he has publiſhed the ſeventh Book of *Temora*. He went further. He publiſhed propoſals for printing *all* the poems by ſubſcription; but, as no ſubſcribers appeared, he juſtly took it as the ſenſe of the public, that the authenticity, as being a matter of ſuch general notoriety, was abſolutely and deciſively admitted.

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The ſpecimen, which the tranſlator has publiſhed, carries to my mind, and, I truſt, I have ſome right to form a judgment on ſuch ſubjects, a thorough conviction, that the ſeventh Book of *Temora* is not of Mr. *Macpherſon*'s compoſition. If it had been of his own compoſition, how could he miſtake the meaning of a paſſage in it, as it is evident he has done? To every Highlander, to every man of candour in any country, this is a deciſive proof of the authenticity of the poems. Neither the bold aſſertions of the prejudiced, nor all the ſophiſtry of criticiſm, can perſuade the world, that any man can miſtake the meaning of what he has written himſelf.

But though the Poems of *Oſſian* bear every internal mark of originality, though they convey no ideas, exhibit no ornaments, contain no ſentiments, which are not peculiarly *Celtic*, according to the accounts

counts we have received of Celtic manners from the ancients, WE, the natives of the Highlands, and *we* certainly muſt be allowed to be the beſt judges of the matter, do not found their authenticity on internal proofs. Every man of inquiry, every perſon of the leaſt taſte for the poetry, or turn for the antiquities of his country, has heard often repeated ſome part or other of the poems publiſhed by Mr. *Macpherſon*. Hundreds ſtill alive have heard portions of them recited, long before Mr. *Macpherſon* was born; ſo that he cannot poſſibly be deemed the author of compoſitions, which exiſted before he had any exiſtence himſelf.

It is true, there is no man now living, and perhaps there never has exiſted any one perſon, who either can or could repeat the whole of the Poems of *Oſſian*. It is enough, that the whole has been repeated,

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in detached pieces, through the Highlands and Iſles. Mr. *Macpherſon*'s great merit has been the collecting the *disjecta membra poetæ*; and his fitting the parts ſo well together, as to form a complete figure. Even the perfect ſymmetry of that figure has been produced, as an argument againſt its antiquity. But arguments are loſt, and facts are thrown away, upon men, who have *predetermined* to reſiſt conviction itſelf.

In vain has it been alleged, that the age of hunting, in which the *Fingalians* are ſaid to have lived, cannot be ſuppoſed to have cultivated poetry. This objection is ſtarted by men, who are more acquainted with books than human nature. But had they even conſulted their books, they might have received a complete anſwer to their objection. The *Scandinavians*, who lived in a country almoſt as unfit for paſture

paſture as for the plough, excelled in the beautiful and ſublime of poetry. Their war ſongs, their funeral elegies, their love ſonnets, convey more exalted ideas of magnanimity, melancholy, and tenderneſs, than the moſt laboured compoſitions of Greece and Rome, on the ſame ſubjects. The alluſions are few and ſimple; but they are calculated to impreſs the mind with that "glow of feeling," which ſprings only from genuine poetry.

Are the *Indians* of America any more than mere hunters? Yet who can deny them a claim to the poſſeſſion of poetry? Their whole language ſeems to be, as it were, *infected* with poetical metaphor. Their orations at their Congreſſes, upon matters of buſineſs, are all in the poetical ſtyle. They reſemble more the ſpeeches in the *Iliad*, than thoſe dry ſyllogiſtical diſquiſitions, which have baniſhed all the beautiful

beautiful ſimplicity of eloquence from modern public aſſemblies.

Beſides, is there any perſon acquainted with the natives of the Highlands, who does not know, that ſuch perſons as are moſt addicted to hunting, are moſt given to poetry? One of the beſt ſongs preſerved in *Macdonald*'s collection of *Gaelic* poems, is altogether on the ſubject of hunting, and the date of its compoſition is ſo old, that it lies beyond the reach of tradition itſelf. The ſolitary life of a hunter is peculiarly adapted to that melancholy, but ſpirited and magnificent turn of thought, which diſtinguiſhes our ancient poetry.

But it is not neceſſary to conſider the *Fingalians* as mere hunters. We frequently find in *Oſſian*'s Poems alluſions to flocks and herds; and a paſtoral life has been univerſally allowed to have been

peculiarly favourable to the muſe. I could never ſee, for my own part, any reaſon for ſuppoſing that agriculture itſelf was unknown in the days of *Oſſian*, though it is not mentioned in his poems. With a contempt for every thing but the honour acquired by the ſword, he perhaps conſidered the plough as too mean an inſtrument to be alluded to in compoſitions chiefly intended to animate the ſoul to war.

The dignified ſentiments, the exalted manners, the humanity, moderation, generoſity, gallantry, and tenderneſs for the fair ſex, which are ſo conſpicuous in the Poems of *Oſſian*, have been brought as arguments againſt their authenticity. Theſe objections, however, proceed either from an ignorance of hiſtory, a want of knowledge of human nature, or thoſe confined notions concerning the character of ages and

and nations, which are too often entertained in certain univerſities. With the literature of Greece and Rome, they imbibe ſuch an exalted idea of claſſic character, as induces them to conſign to ignorance and barbariſm, all antiquity beyond the pales of the Greek and Roman empires.

But had they conſulted the hiſtory of other nations, they might find that the want of refinement, which is called barbariſm, does not abſolutely prove the want of noble and generous qualities of the mind. The powers of the ſoul are in every country the ſame. Why then ſhould not the Celtic *Druid* be as capable of impreſſing uſeful inſtruction on the followers of his religion, as the bare-footed *Selli* *,

* The *Selli* were certainly as unpoliſhed as any *Druid*, in the moſt barbarous and ſequeſtred parts of the Highlands and *Scottiſh* Iſles.

——— ——— Ἀμφὶ δὲ Σελλοὶ
Σοὶ ναίουσ' ὑποφῆται ἀνιπτοποδες, χαμαιεῦναι.

Iliad xvi. v. 234, 235.

who ſacrificed to *Jupiter* on the cold top of *Dodona*? Or, by what preſcription has the neighbourhood of the *Helleſpont* a right to ſentiments more exalted than thoſe of the chieftain who inhabits the coaſt of the *Vergivian* ocean? Have not many nations, who have been called barbarians, excelled the Romans in valour, and in that moſt exalted of all virtues, a ſincere love for their country?

Have not even the *Canadians* of North America, with fewer opportunities of improvement than the *Fingalians*, been found to poſſeſs almoſt all the virtues celebrated in the Poems of *Oſſian* *? Why therefore ſhould we deny to the ancient *Caledonians* what we cannot refuſe to the modern neighbours of the *Eſkimaux*?

The truth is, that the reſemblance at leaſt, of all the virtues contained in the

* Abbe de Raynal, tom. iv.

Poems

Poems of *Offian*, and which are probably exaggerated in the uſual manner of poetry, ſtill remains in the Highlands of Scotland. The valour of the *Highlanders* is allowed by their greateſt enemies; and the moſt prejudiced cannot accuſe them of cruelty. Battle ſeems always to have been more their object, than the rewards of victory. In the ſocial virtues, the loweſt Highlander is not, even in this age, deficient. He is civil, attentive, and hoſpitable to ſtrangers, in a degree unknown in any other country; and as to matrimonial fidelity and attachment, and delicacy towards women, the Highlanders are exceeded by none; I mean ſuch of them as have not *improved* their manners into a neglect of *trivial* virtues, by a frequent intercourſe with Dr. *Johnſon*'s countrymen.

In ancient times, the Highlanders had much better opportunities to learn exalted

ſentiments, if ſuch *muſt* be learnt, than in later ages. The moſt prejudiced of our opponents will allow, that refinement is in every country, in a certain degree, an inſeparable appendage of a court. In the days of *Fingal*, and for many ages after him, the Highlands were the ſeat of government. After the extinction, or rather the conqueſt of the *Picts*, the kings of the Scots fixed their reſidence in the low country. When the ſouthern parts of Scotland were wreſted from the *Saxons* and *Danes*, an extenſion of territory and the danger of a ſouthern enemy carried the ſeat of government ſtill further from the Highlanders. This circumſtance had certainly its weight in depriving the poſterity of the *Fingalians* of ſome part of that exalted character, which diſtinguiſhed their anceſtors. But their retaining ſtill ſo many of the virtues celebrated by *Oſſian*, is certainly a good argument, that thoſe

virtues

virtues might have exiſted in their perfection, in more favourable times.

But there is little occaſion for ſpeculative reaſoning on a matter which is ſo well eſtabliſhed by fact. A whole people give their teſtimony to the exiſtence of the Poems of *Oſſian*; and gentlemen of the firſt reputation for veracity, and a capacity to judge of the ſubject, have long ago permitted their names to be given to the public, as vouchers for many parts of the collection publiſhed by Mr. *Macpherſon*. Many more are ready to join their teſtimony to that already given to the world. The truth is, that even the defending a matter of ſuch notoriety, is the moſt plauſible argument that the prejudiced could have brought againſt the authenticity of the poems.

To put the matter beyond the contradiction of the prejudiced, and the unbelief

of the moſt incredulous, I am glad to be able to inform the public, that the whole of the Poems of *Oſſian* are ſpeedily to be printed in the original *Gaelic*. In vain will it be ſaid by Dr. *Johnſon* and others, who have manifeſtly *reſolved* not to believe the authenticity of the poems, that the ſame man, who could invent them in Engliſh, might clothe them in a *Celtic* dreſs. To this I anſwer, that it would be impoſſible for any perſon, let his talents be ever ſo great, to impoſe a *tranſlation*, for an original, on any critic in the Gaelic language.

Dr. *Johnſon* will certainly permit me to aſk him, Whether any of his countrymen could imitate the language of the age of *Chaucer*, ſo as to paſs his own work, for a compoſition of thoſe times? Dr. *Johnſon*'s critical knowledge of the Engliſh language would ſpurn the idea; but I will venture

to

to assure the Doctor, that we have, among us, several persons as conversant in the old Gaelic, as he himself is in the tongue of the ancient Saxons.

In the arrangement of the whole work, and even in the improvement of particular passages, the public are perhaps indebted to the taste and judgment of Mr. *Macpherson*. Being perfectly master of all the traditions relative to the *Fingalian* times, he has, no doubt, availed himself of that advantage, in placing the poems in their most natural order; and in restoring the scattered members of such pieces, as he found floating on tradition only, to their original stations. As he collected some parts of the poems from what Dr. *Johnson* would call the "recitation of the aged," in different parts of the country, he was certainly excusable in taking the "best readings in all the editions," if the expression may be used.

Thus

Thus far we will admit, that Mr. Macpherſon is the *author* of the poems. But more we will neither grant to him, nor to Dr. *Johnſon*; who ſeems not to be aware of the compliment he pays to a writer, who, by meriting his envy, has excited his malevolence.

It has upon the whole appeared, that the knowledge of letters was introduced into the *Highlands* and *Hebrides*, in as early a period of time as into any of the neighbouring countries. That one of the firſt uſes made of thoſe letters was the recording of works of genius, as well as public events. That, as a collateral ſecurity for handing down the compoſitions of the poet, as well as the facts related by the hiſtorian, there were *Bards* and *Seanachies*, educated in academies, and retained afterwards by the principal families in the Highlands and Iſles. That thoſe Bards and Seanachies were not an illiterate race

of

of men, apt to corrupt poetry and miſtake facts. That both of them could, and actually did, write the *Gaelic* language, without receiving their knowledge of letters through the *medium* of any other tongue. That the Bards and Seanachies were ſo far from becoming extinct ſome centuries ago, that a few of them ſtill exiſt. That, beſides the regular and retained Bards and Seanachies, there were many other perſons, who executed the duties of their offices, through a particular turn of genius, or an attachment to the antiquities and poetry of their country. That of theſe ſeveral ſtill exiſt; and many more were exiſting a few years ago. That the buſineſs of the eſtabliſhed Bards and Seanachies, as well as of thoſe who followed the profeſſions of both through pleaſure, was to tranſmit poetry and hiſtory to poſterity, ſometimes by writing, but oftener by oral tradition. That the Poems of *Oſſian* have been handed down

down by theſe means, from age to age, to the preſent times. That, in old times, no doubt of their authenticity was ever entertained; and that there are ſtill exiſting many hundreds, nay many thouſands, who are ready to atteſt their coming down to them, from antiquity, with all the proofs neceſſary to eſtabliſh an indubitable fact.

The Doctor concludes his obſervations on the Poems of *Oſſian*, by paſſing two very ſevere reflections; the one of a perſonal, the other of a national kind. As what he ſays is pretty remarkable, I ſhall give it in his own words.

" I have yet," ſays he, " ſuppoſed no impoſture but in the publiſher;" and, a little after, he adds, " The Scots have ſomething to plead for their eaſy reception of an improbable fiction: they are ſeduced by their fondneſs for their ſuppoſed anceſtors. A Scotchman muſt be a very ſturdy

ſturdy moraliſt, who does not love *Scotland* better than truth; he will always love it better than inquiry; and, if falſehood flatters his vanity, will not be very diligent to detect it."

As an impoſture is the laſt thing of which a gentleman can be ſuppoſed guilty, it is the laſt thing with which he ought to be charged. To bring forward ſuch an accuſation, therefore, without proof to eſtabliſh it, is a *ruffian* mode of impeachment, which ſeems to have been reſerved for Dr. *Johnſon*. There is nothing in his "*Journey to the Hebrides*" to ſupport ſo groſs a calumny, unleſs we admit his own *bare* aſſertions for arguments; and the publiſher, if by the publiſher he means Mr. *Macpherſon*, is certainly as incapable of an impoſture, as the Doctor is of candour or good manners.

The

The indelicacy of ſuch language is obvious. A gentleman would not have expreſſed himſelf in that manner, for his own ſake; a man of prudence would not have done it, for fear of giving juſt offence to Mr. Macpherſon. But the Doctor ſeems to have been careleſs about the reputation of the firſt of thoſe characters; and the malignity of his diſpoſition ſeems to have made him overlook the foreſight generally annexed to the ſecond. Though he was bold in his aſſertions, however, I do not find he has been equally courageous in their defence. His mere allegation on a ſubject which he could not poſſibly underſtand, was unworthy of the notice of the gentleman accuſed; but the language, in which he expreſſed his doubts, deſerved chaſtiſement. To prevent this, he had age and infirmities to plead; but not content with that ſecurity, which, I dare venture to ſay, was ſufficient, he declared,

when queſtioned, that he would call the laws of his country to his aid. Men, who make a breach upon the laws of good manners, have but a ſcurvy claim to the protection of any other laws.

Nor will our traveller come better off with the public, in his more general aſſault. No man, whoſe opinion is worth the regarding, will give credit to ſo indiſcriminate a calumny: the Doctor, therefore, has exhibited this ſpecimen of his rancour to no other purpoſe, than either to gratify the prejudiced, or to impoſe upon the weak and credulous. If any thing can be inferred from what he ſays, it is only this, that he himſelf is not ſo "very ſturdy a moraliſt" as to love *truth* ſo much as he hates *Scotland*.

Soon after this, he tells us, that he left *Sky* to viſit ſome other iſlands. But as his

his obſervations, through that part of his *Journey*, preſent nothing new, I ſhall not follow him in his progreſs; and the reader, I believe, as well as myſelf, will have no objection to be relieved, from his long attendance on ſo uncouth a companion. We ſhall leave him, therefore, to rail, in the old way, at the poverty, ignorance, and barbarity of the inhabitants; while, with a peculiar conſiſtency, he acknowledges plenty, intelligence, and politeneſs, every where. Neither ſhall we diſturb his meditations among the ruins of *Iona*; but permit him to tread that *once* hallowed ſpot with reverential awe, and demonſtrate the *true* ſpirit of his faith, by mourning over the "dilapidated monuments of ancient ſanctity."

When he tells us, page 376, that men bred in the univerſities of *Scotland* obtain only a mediocrity of knowledge between learning

learning and ignorance, he contradicts his own atteſtations to the contrary in a thouſand different places. I formerly compared this paſſage with his *elogiums* on the Highland clergy; I muſt now contraſt it with what he mentions in two or three pages after. "We now," ſays he, "returned to *Edinburgh*, where I paſſed ſome days with men of learning, whoſe names want no advancement from my commemoration." It was ſomewhat careleſs in the Doctor, to ſay no worſe, to hold ſo very different a language in page 379, while the cenſure paſſed on our univerſities, but ſo little before, muſt be recent in the reader's memory. But a regard to the *trifling* forms of conſiſtency ſeems never to have been an object of his attention.

It happens luckily, however, that the reputation of the *Scots* for learning reſts upon a better foundation than the opinion

of Dr. *Johnſon*. The teſtimony of the world is in their favour; and, againſt that, *his* praiſe or cenſure can have but little weight. The three learned profeſſions bear witneſs to their knowledge and talents. In phyſic they ſtand unrivalled; and in the pulpit and at the bar they have no ſuperiors.

But, beſides profeſſional merit, the Scots have long occupied every other department of literature; and they have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in each. The province of hiſtory is, in a manner, yielded up to them; they have added largely to the various ſtores of philoſophy and the mathematics; and, in criticiſm and the *belles lettres*, they have diſcovered abilities, and acquired applauſe. Though they ſeldom deſcend to the *ludicrous*, yet they have not wanted writers, who have made ſome figure in that walk. If the Doctor doubts the fact, I

ſhall refer him, for information, to the author of *Lexiphanes*.

I ſhall now take a final leave of Dr. *Johnſon*. That he ſet out with an intention to traduce the *Scots* nation, is evident; and the account he gives of his Journey ſhews, with what a ſtubborn malignity he perſevered in that purpoſe. Every line is marked with prejudice; and every ſentence teems with the moſt illiberal invectives. If he has met with ſome correction, in the courſe of this examination, it is no more than he ought to have expected; unleſs he feels in his own mind, what his pride perhaps will not allow him to acknowledge, that miſrepreſentation and abuſe merit no paſſion ſuperior to contempt.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 4. line 1. *for* about two years *read* some years.
ib. —— 20. *for* on *read* to.
7. —— 9. *for* Gallic *read* Gaelic.
18. —— 10. *for* of *read* on.
39. —— 16. *for* no authority *read* no unanimous authority.
50. —— ult. *for* Introducing *read* In traducing.
57. —— 15. *for* Follasandus *read* Fullosaudes.
71. —— 5. *for* Gallic *read* Gaelic.
74. —— 18. *for* Gallic *read* Gaelic.